

NEW CABINET: BIG SURPRISE AND ONE VACANT POST

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1923

One Penny.

MR. McKENNA ACCEPTS OFFICE AS CHANCELLOR



Mr. J. C. C. Davidson becomes Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He also receives the award of Companion of Honour.



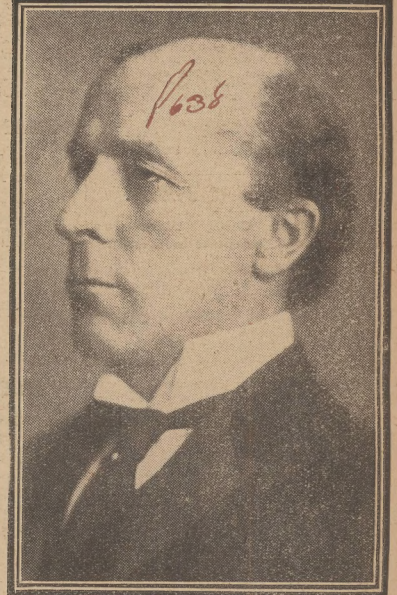
Lord Robert Cecil, who now joins the Ministry as Lord Privy Seal. He will be a valuable debater.



Sir William Joynson-Hicks now becomes Financial Secretary to the Treasury.



Major Boyd-Carpenter, the new Paymaster-General, was Secretary to the Treasury.



Mr. Reginald McKenna, whose dramatic acceptance of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is announced. He was formerly a Liberal.



The Earl of Onslow, who is transferred to the Board of Education.



The Hon. W. Watson, K.C., is reappointed Lord Advocate.



Lord Eustace Percy is to be Parliamentary Secretary to Minister of Health.



Mr. Baldwin (centre) congratulated by boys from his Swansea Works. He temporarily retains the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

The newest political sensation is the announcement that Mr. Reginald McKenna, a former Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, has conditionally accepted the Chancellorship in Mr. Baldwin's Conservative Ministry. He will take up office in two months' time if, as is expected, his health is fully recovered.

HONOURS FOR MEN WHO ATTENDED MR. BONAR LAW



Sir Thomas Horder, new baronet.



Colonel Waterhouse, who receives K.C.B.

Honours for two of the doctors who attended Mr. Bonar Law and for four members of his secretarial staff were announced last night in a short Honours List. Sir Thomas Horder becomes a baronet and Colonel Waterhouse a K.C.B.

LADY CHESHAM'S WONDERFUL RIDE.

Bolting Horse Crashes Through Railings.

SAVED BY COOLNESS.

Animal's Mad Gallop to Roadway During Sports.

Coolness and expert riding saved Lady Chesham, the well-known horsewoman, from a serious mishap yesterday when her horse bolted from the grounds of the Hurlingham Club and stopped only after smashing through the railings of a villa.

Lady Chesham had competed in several events at the Hurlingham Club gymnkhana, and was taking her mount round for the second time in the jumping competition when it suddenly dashed to the roadway. As it galloped madly on the rider kept her seat, the horse swerving dangerously and missing disaster by inches.

When finally the animal stopped, after crashing through the railings, Lady Chesham descended.

DASH AFTER JUMP.

Lady Chesham Coolly Dismounts After Narrow Escape from Death.

The horse had been troublesome from the start. During the first round of the jump, it made a dash for the row of buildings on the further side of the course, and it was only Lady Chesham's superb control that kept the animal to its task.

On the second round, after taking the last jump, the horse continued to gallop madly onward.

Spectators at once saw that something was wrong, but they expected the rider would be able to pull the runaway into the polo ground. The horse, however, caught sight of the gate leading into Hurlingham-road, and dashed straight out and across the roadway.

By the opposite pathway stood a builder's truck, and swerving in between this and a tree, with very little space to spare on each side, the horse continued its gallop along the pathway.

At the first turning on the left the horse again swerved dangerously into the middle of the roadway and continued its headlong course.

Lady Chesham was now being carried towards a point where the road turns sharply to the left, but the horse did not turn.

UNAFFECTED BY ADVENTURE.

Straight ahead he dashed towards a large house, known as Broom Villa, which has high iron railings placed only about 3ft. from the wall.

Through the railings Lady Chesham's mount crashed, smashing them and getting into the narrow space between railings and wall.

Then, in some extraordinary way, the excited animal managed to jump back and into the roadway, where it came to a standstill.

Here Lady Chesham dismounted.

She then returned coolly to the club grounds. Apart from marks on her riding-habit, where it had brushed the walls, Lady Chesham seemed unaffected by her adventure.

NEW OPERA BY WIRELESS

British Composer's Work "Elizabeth" To Be Broadcast on Wednesday.

"Elizabeth," a one-act opera, by Mr. A. Corbett-Smith, is to be broadcast at the Cardiff Station on Wednesday, May 26.

This British composer's new opera will naturally have Queen Elizabeth as the principal character. The scene is set at Windsor, and "listeners-in" will be regaled with much picturesque detail such as sailors' chancies, May-day revels and music founded upon national folk songs.

£7,000 CINEMA CONTEST.

To-morrow's Eleventh-Hour Chance to Help the British Legion.

Only one more week remains in which to enter the Sunday Pictorial Cinema Contest in aid of the British Legion. To-morrow is the eleventh-hour opportunity of making a bid for a share of £7,000.

Enthusiasm and interest which the scheme has evoked are ample proof that the welfare of our ex-Service men is very much at the nation's heart.

The prizes will be awarded to competitors whose coupons most nearly represent the mass vote as to the twelve best and most popular films of 1922.

Entrance fee is only one shilling donation to the funds of the British Legion. All other details will be found in to-morrow's Sunday Pictorial.

SLEEPERS BURNT TO DEATH.

Two unemployed men, sleeping out on a tip at the Coderingall Colliery, Gelli, Rhondda, which is on fire, were overcome by sulphuric fumes and burnt to death.

DEPORTEES SECRET.

Bow-street Charge Sheet Not Divulged to Press.

3 MORE MEN IN DOCK.

Three more of the Irish deportees were remanded at Bow-street yesterday.

They were Thomas Joye (forty-nine), of Jarrow; Thomas George Flynn (twenty-two), of South Shields, and Anthony Mularkey (thirty-five), of Bellingham.

In this, as in all the other cases, the chief magistrate (Sir Charles Biron) gave directions that the charge sheet was to be withheld from the Press. This is the first time such a course has been adopted at Bow-street.

Formal evidence of arrest was given by Inspector Cosgrove, of Scotland Yard, and Mularkey was asked if he had anything to say.

Well, he replied in a broken English, "you see, I am charged on the warrant with conspiring with men, one of whom I never saw, or heard of before."

Sir Charles Biron: All that is very good material for defence.

OCEAN S.O.S. FOR DOCTOR

Captain Transferred from One Ship to Another for Operation.

The Cunard liner Ansonia, while on her way from Canada to Plymouth, received an urgent wireless message for medical assistance from the Canadian Government steamer Canadian Victor.

The Ansonia rushed to the Canadian Victor's assistance, and found that her commander, Captain Reith, was suffering from appendicitis.

Captain Reith was skillfully transferred to the Ansonia, where he was operated on in the liner's up-to-date operating theatre. The latest report is that Captain Reith is progressing favourably.

BLEW HIMSELF UP.

Man Who Sat on High Explosive and Then Applied Light.

Suicide whilst of unsound mind was the verdict returned at an inquest at Neath yesterday on William Townsend, who killed himself with high explosive on his allotment.

Dr. Prell said the man must have sat on the high explosive, and then set fire to it. Portions of his body and clothing were blown over a distance of thirty-six feet, and a hole twelve inches deep was blown in the ground. A candle and two live matches were beside the hole.

FELL 160 FEET.

Landowner Misses Foothold on Cliff—All Night at Bottom.

While excavating on the brink of a 160ft. cliff near his home, Mr. Hugh McCalmont McGildowney, of Clare Park, Ballycastle, Antrim, a landowner, missing his footing, fell to the bottom of the cliff on Thursday.

He died yesterday from his injuries. As it was impossible to carry the injured man up a zigzag path which runs up the cliff near where the accident occurred, the only means of transport was by boat, as a boat could not land at the spot, a shelter had to be erected at the bottom of the cliff, where the injured man lay all night.

Owing to the heavy seas yesterday it was found impossible to revive him.

Mr. McGildowney was a cousin of Sir Hugh McCalmont. He was a noted yachtsman and represented Sir Thomas Lipton in the last international race for the America Cup.

REFUSAL TO WORK LAW

Dole-Drawer Sent to Gaol for Not Taking Job Offered by Exchange.

Barrow magistrates decided yesterday that a man has no right to decline work offered by an employment exchange, and sent Robert Carter, plasterer, to prison for a month for doing so, thus neglecting his wife and five children, who became chargeable to the guardians.

In defence it was argued that Carter's refusal to take a job in Kendal at a trade union rate slightly lower than that in Barrow was reasonable because of the absence of lodging allowance and the definite prospect at that time of a building trade strike.

It was stated that the man's union would probably appeal.

WORKERS AS PARTNERS

Company to Offer 100,000 Shares to Its Workpeople.

"A man will do better work if his work benefits him directly," said Mr. E. W. Roscoe Brunner, chairman of Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co., Ltd., at the annual meeting of the company at Liverpool yesterday, when he proposed a scheme of co-partnership.

The directors agreed to his resolution, which was that 100,000 shares should be offered to the staff and workpeople at a price to be fixed by the directors but not below par.

PUSH-BIKE WEEK.

Seven Days of Events to Popularise Cycling.

1,000 MILES RIDE.

To still further popularise pedal-cycling, a National Bicycle Week begins to-day.

It is estimated that there are 5,000,000 bicycle riders in Great Britain.

From to-day onwards, all over the country, for a week, there are to be numerous events of a cycling nature, the biggest being a 1,000 miles relay ride round England to start at 8.30 on Monday morning from the Mansion House.

There are more cyclists now than ever before. The Daily Mirror was told yesterday by one of the organisers of the National Bicycle Week.

The object of the week, which will be celebrated in all parts of the country, is still further to popularise the use of the bicycle, not only as a cheap and enjoyable means of travelling, but from the health point of view.

Almost every big town in England, Scotland and Wales will hold cycling events of one kind or another during the National Week—relay rides, rallies, carnivals and sports.

Here the riders will receive a message from the Lord Mayor and it will be carried by relays of cyclists to the Lord Mayors of cities and towns from London to Southampton, thence to Bristol, Liverpool, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and so through York, Sheffield and Northampton back to London.

The last group of five riders will reach the Mansion House again next Saturday.

MISSING TWELVE DAYS.

"Daily Mirror" Aid Sought in Finding Vanished Belvedere Woman.

The assistance of The Daily Mirror has been asked to trace the whereabouts of Mrs. E. R. Allwright, (née Bach), of Belvedere, Kent, who disappeared from her home on May 14.

Her friends think she may be suffering from loss of memory, following a nervous breakdown.

Mrs. Allwright is twenty-three years of age, 5ft. 2in. or 5ft. 3in. in height, and of pale complexion. She is probably wearing a dress of lawn gabardine, trimmed with grey silk braid, and a light blue blanket coat. Her hat may be either a grey and red suede "Robin Hood" or a small, close-fitting grey straw, and her luggage possibly consists of a brown canvas travelling case, marked "P. P. A.," and a small silver bag, marked "E. B."

Lost Mother Traced.—There has been a quick response to the E.O.S. from Australia from the man who appealed to The Daily Mirror to trace his mother, Mrs. J. E. Marsden, whom he had lost for over a year. She is now on her way home, after a colonial tour, undertaken on medical advice.

PIT GRAVE RIDDLE.

Heavy Storm Hinders Police in Raising Skeleton of Woman.

Thunder, lightning and torrential rain yesterday added to the difficulties and dangers of the searchers at the disused pit at Simmondsley, near Gosport, where police and mining experts are trying to solve the tragic riddle of how bodies of a woman and her two children came to be hidden for three and a half years in this mysterious grave.

Just when the work of raising the skeleton of the woman had started the pumping apparatus failed, but it was repaired, and thousands of gallons had been removed and only a foot of water covered the remains when a violent storm broke over the desolate moorland.

So quickly did water again pour into the shaft that it rose again to a great height, but the inflow was checked, and late last night the task of clearing the shaft was once more well in hand.

COAL CRISIS COMING?

Many Miners in Favour of Terminating National Agreement.

A critical position is likely to arise at the National Conference of delegates of the Miners' Federation at Blackpool, on Wednesday, to consider the wage position and the question of giving three months' notice to terminate the existing national agreement, which is on a profit-sharing basis.

It is understood that there is just a majority for giving notice, four of the largest districts, South Wales, Scotland, Lancashire and Durham, having decided in favour of that course.

It is considered unlikely that the conference will decide immediately to give notice for the termination of the agreement, and that a ballot of the coalfields will be taken.

Mr. Frank Hodges will deal fully with the situation in a speech at Blackpool.

The Exchange says Mr. Frank Hodges told the London correspondent of the New York Herald that the miners' leaders in Europe and America have agreed "in principle" on co-operative action in case of a strike in any country.

"HUMANISE THE MISTRESSES."

How to Make Domestic Servants Happy.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

More Leisure and "Pats on Back" for Maids.

More "pats on the back," and humanising of mistresses were among the suggestions made by Mrs. H. D. Williams, who gave evidence at the resumed inquiry into domestic service at the Ministry of Labour yesterday.

Another of her suggestions was to substitute the words "house assistant" for servant. She pointed out that the riddle showed on servants, particularly by the people who referred to them as "slaves," had its effect in preventing young women taking up housework.

"I have had my own servant for twenty-three years," she said.

"HOUSE ASSISTANT."

Woman Witness' Suggestion to Give Servants Better Status.

Mrs. H. D. Williams, member of the Swansea Local Employment Committee, said that owing to the servant difficulty there a scheme regulating hours and wages was drawn up.

Under the scheme it was laid down that girls should not be asked to engage in very laborious work more than eight hours a day; that 7 a.m. be recognised as the usual starting time for the day, and that only the lighter household duties be expected after 5 p.m.; and that ordinarily no work should be expected after 10 p.m.

The scheme also provided for two evenings and Sunday afternoon and evening off, and for two weeks' holiday with board wages each year.

Amongst suggestions which Mrs. Williams put forward were the following:

"PLENTY OF GOOD FOOD."

Training and apprenticeship, social clubs and an extension of the leisure periods, the humanising of mistresses, and less supercilious supervision, simplifying daily lives as far as possible and less aping by the middle classes of a standard of life which their incomes will not sustain.

Good food and plenty of it.

Miss Craig, chairman of the Women's Sub-Committee of the Sunderland Local Employment Committee, said girls did not mind working alone, but they would not sit in the house in the evenings.

All classes, mistresses as well as maids, said Miss Craig, should receive as part of their general education some training in domestic science.

Mrs. E. Salmond, a member of the London Central Juvenile Advisory Committee, said: "I am told that if there are two sisters and one goes to work in the City and the other to service, the young men will take off their hats to the one that goes to the City and will call her Miss Brown."

"They will not take off their hats to one who goes to service, and they will call her Mary."

The committee adjourned until next Thursday.

£3,000 AIRCRAFT PRIZES.

Air Council to Buy Winning British Machines in International Races.

To encourage British aircraft constructors to enter racing aircraft in international races, the Air Council have undertaken from this year to purchase for a sum not exceeding £3,000 in each case the winning aircraft—without engine—in both the Aerial Derby and the Schneider Cup races, provided that the aircraft is in each case British designed, built and owned, and is not of a type which has previously won either race.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Thundery showers of rain or hail; risk of slight frost early; bright periods; moderate wind, N.W. to N. Lightning up time, 9.57.

Viscount Chaplin's condition became weaker yesterday.

Mr. F. D. Acland will be formally adopted Liberal candidate in the Tiverton by-election on Tuesday.

Blind Singers Win.—The Royal School for the Blind, Leatherhead, won the first prize at a Guildford singing competition.

The oldest Volunteer officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Bennett, who died, aged ninety-seven, was buried at Hastings yesterday.

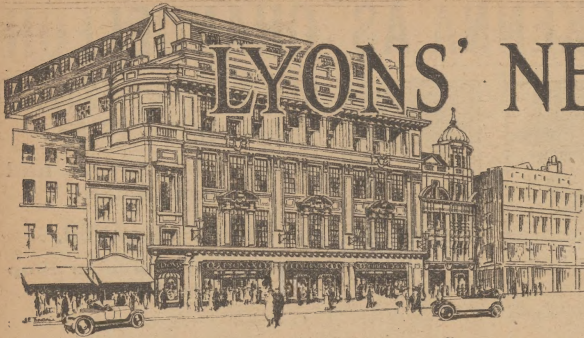
Record Salmon.—What was thought to be a record salmon for Norway has been caught at Sulaen. The salmon weighed nearly 69lb.—Reuter.

Jealousy and Love.—"There is always something to make people get married, and jealousy is just as certain as love in that way," declared a woman at Ealing court.

Killed at Cricket.—Struck in the region of the heart by a ball whilst playing cricket at East Cowses (Isle of Wight), a schoolboy named Street, aged eleven years, collapsed and died.

CLERGYMAN'S PRIVATE ZOO.

The Rev. Benjamin Hemsworth, who kept a large private zoo in the grounds of his house, Monk Fryston Hall, Selby, Yorks, and was fond of touring the country in his specially-constructed motor-caravan, died yesterday at the age of seventy-four.



LYONS' NEW CORNER HOUSE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TEA-RESTAURANT

Seating for 4,500 People.

UNPRECEDENTED LUXURY AT POPULAR PRICES.

The new Lyons Corner House will open on Wednesday.

It is in Coventry-street, Piccadilly, adjoining the original Corner House there, of which it is an extension and natural outcome, due to the amazing popularity of the Corner House idea.

It is the largest tea-restaurant in the world.

It will seat 4,500 guests and has a staff of 1,700 people—enough for the crew of the largest battleship.

Nine stories in height, built of ivory-toned terra-cotta in English Renaissance style, it has five public floors, each of them bigger than half a hockey or football ground.

Each floor is a model of luxurious decoration and equipment, following the ideas of one or other of the great masters of decorative art, English, French and Italian.

Such luxury and beauty in a place of popular public resort is without parallel or precedent.

And it is available to every patron, whether for an elaborate dinner of many courses or for a simple cup of tea!

* * *

The ground floor Salon has been designed with an artistry which will assuredly win for it the title of London's most beautiful shop.

Here, 'twixt inlaid marble flooring and wonderful figured ceiling, with marble walls around and lit by great silk-shaded lamps, will be a mammoth display of chocolates and sweetmeats, for sale to you by most daintily-uniformed assistants.

On the same floor soda fountains, snack counters and many innovations new to a Corner House, such as theatre ticket office and District Messenger office.

* * *

The great refreshment and dining salons, one below ground and three above, will seat more than 1,000 people apiece. Each has its own separate kitchen and service.

They will employ some 900 waitresses.

The menus will be wider in range, variety and delicacy than anything yet attempted in popular catering.

In only one respect will they be conservative: They will keep strictly to the present Corner House scale of prices. Thus greater luxury, greater variety, more complete service: but at the same reasonable cost as heretofore!

* * *

The New Corner House will have music all day.

Bands on each floor will maintain a steady succession of popular musical items—a provision which, though costless to patrons, will entail constant employment of some eight orchestras.

For the opening date and some months to follow the most distinctive and famous popular band of America—Paul Specht and his orchestra—will play on the lower floor.

On the first floor Miss Margaret Holloway and her accomplished orchestra of 30 women artists. Elsewhere L'Oonle, the mirthful conductor, and other distinctive and capable orchestras.

It is hoped to have "composer nights" and programme concerts and to make the New Corner House a home and centre of British popular music.

Such, in barest synopsis, is the wonderful story of the world's greatest tea-restaurant, the outcome of an idea in popular catering of which J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., have been the founders and virtually the only exponents; an idea the popularity of which has been so marked and unmistakable as to warrant this latest colossal development.

A proud boast of the world's hitherto greatest restaurants (in America) has been that they provided refreshment for some 2,000,000 patrons in a year.

It is estimated that in this space of time the new Corner House will cater for no fewer than ten millions, or five times as many! Its organisation and aims are described more intimately in subsequent columns.

NEW CORNER HOUSE NEWS in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

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The Pursuit of an Exacting Ideal

By SIR BASIL CLARKE.

Even from Piccadilly, through the cab windows, it was easily to be picked out from its surrounding buildings—a great ivory-white pile that gleamed softly in the sunshine with a sheen like that of dull cream satin.

Architecture I know little about, nor just where "English Renaissance," the style to which the building is attributed, comes in the great science of things architectural.

But I know that these were pleasing outlines, proportions and colours that confronted the eye. That vast ivory monument standing high against the sky is the New Corner House, its six towering stories relieved in their massiveness as the eye travels from floor to floor by the happy variety of their facings and ornamentation.

And at the furthest end, tiny in comparison, is the original Corner House which we all know (the little old Corner House, one might say now), with the tip of its minaret tower reaching no higher than the fourth story shoulder of its hulking offspring alongside.

The little old mother and her new and very, very big son! The idea must leap to your mind as you see them; for is not the great New Corner House virtually born of this little comely mother alongside—this progenitor of the family of Corner Houses and first of all their line? And only fifteen years old at that!

GHOSTS OF OLD LONDON.

So much of change and advance in fifteen years! A longer stride and a faster one than in the old days of London history to which this

site really belongs. For centuries these acres were covered with grim, flat-faced old houses which stood in a square glowering at each other year after year without sign of recognition or greeting save, perhaps, winking their windows when blinds were drawn at night or occasionally lifting, when gales blew, an involuntary chimney pot!

Grim houses these as well as silent. A gambler's gains, it is said, bought them; a gambler who harvested great winnings from the gilded youth of his day at the neighbouring gaming clubs, garnered them cannily and with them bought an estate that was to bear his name: Panten-square.

Here it was, too, that in the days of our great-great-grandams an artist, Philip de Loutherbourg, exploited what was perhaps the forerunner of our modern picture house.

No "movies" existed then, of course, to stir the heart with stories of daring and romance, but by means of his panoramas Professor de Loutherbourg stirred at least the blood of his patrons with still-life scenes of battles, tournaments, and woodland idylls.

To him and his show came the tight-trousered dandies and the wide-skirted dames of his day, as to one of the major show-places of London Town. Through spy-glass and lorgnette they would ogie his panoramic enterprises, and one can well-nigh hear them murmuring in the mincing fashion of their time, "How instructive!" "How elegant!"

Would one could bring back some of those picturesque fashions just for an hour to see the new show-place of London Town that stands on the self-same site! Before those ivory-tinted

(Continued on page 5.)



IF the plate is distinctive—
if it has that lustre which
engenders the desire to sit
down "at that table"—then
you will know it is Elkington's.

AT

Lyons New Corner House
Elkington plate will be not
the least important factor in
presenting that atmosphere of
attraction which is inherent in
a Lyons Restaurant.

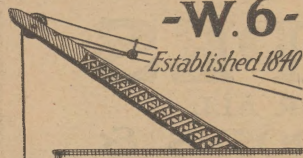
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PRINCIPAL MATERIALS
Supplied to Messrs
J. LYONS & CO. LTD
Coventry St. Extension

Finest English Portland Cement.

Pressed, Red and Stock Bricks.

Glazed Tiles, Bricks and Blocks of all shapes for exterior and interior work.

Quarries and Tiles for the smooth, dustless, hard-wearing floors, with curved interior lines eliminating corners.

Sinks and Basins of latest labour-saving designs, coated with Impervious Leadless Glazes.

Flue Linings, Firebricks, Fire Cement, etc.

Superfine Plasters, Keenes and Parian for covering and enriching Ceilings, Walls, Pillars, etc.

Partition Blocks, sound proof and fire-resisting, that can be tooled and sawn yet possess enormous strength and weight carrying properties.

These materials, all of the finest quality, have been supplied in the great quantities required without one hitch or one moment's delay.

— AN — ACHIEVEMENT

This famous old Hammersmith firm is proud to add to the list of services rendered to and appreciated by its many clients.



THE PURSUIT OF AN EXACTING IDEAL.

(Continued from page 4.)

walls flow busy would be spy-glass and lorgnette!

"A Corner House, did you say? A Corner House, good sir? And what may a Corner House be? Is it a Public-House?"

"No, madam, more and less than that."

"A Coffee House, may be, sir? or, as the French might say, a Restaurant or at least a Café?"

"No, madam, more than that."

"Well, pray explain, sir, this Corner House which is more than Inn and Hostelry and Café and Restaurant. We had naught of such things in my time, sir."

THE AIMS OF A "CORNER HOUSE."

How to explain to this gentle dame of an older day the spirit, place and achievement of the Corner Houses of London as we all know them to-day? A café, and yet more, a restaurant, and yet more, a licensed house, both less and more. What is it, then?

"A Corner House aims to combine and yet to out-distance the virtues of each of these things, but to omit their disparagements. It aims at being a place for refreshment in every sense and in every degree; refreshment for the body, great or slight, frugal or epicurean, swift or leisureed; refreshment for the senses, with ease, with comfort, with beauty and the luxury that soothes and charms to contentment rather than excites; refreshment for the mind, with wholesome diversion and freshness and music and the tireless scene of the changing pageant of life; refreshment for the spirit, in the contemplation and enjoyment of a service that is eager to please but free from avarice, a service that is as kindly and unstinted for the lowliest of recipients as for the highest, a service so justly unpreferential as to prompt in each and all alike that sense of right and possession which in its turn begets true ease and true freedom—which breeds, in a word, that feeling of welcome and well-being which we call being 'at home.' Such, madam, is the aim and function of a Corner House."

"A fine ideal, sir, a big ideal. And how fares it in performance and attainment?"

"An ideal, it is said, madam, is like to a lantern carried before one on the end of a pole. One marches even towards it, but one reaches it, for it advances as one advances. The thing is ever to advance; and this, those who are pursuing the Corner House ideal steadily contrive to do."

A FACE OF PERENNIAL YOUTH.

As these random thoughts went through my head my taxi pulled up with a jolt and the furthestmost advance of the Corner House ideal stood before me in the flesh—or rather, in the brick or stone, or whatever may be that daintily selected material of which it is made—a material that would be dear to housewives, for with a Bridget, a bucket and brush you can scrub it back to freshness, in spite of London's grime and acid atmosphere and give it perennial youth.

In a previous column you have read something of the size of this new Corner House besides which the old one, big as it is, is dwarfed almost to the status of a mere annexe. You have read that it is the largest, Corner House (or, for that matter, any other house with like aims) in the whole world; that 4,500 people can sit at its tables without even the sign of a queue such as often besets the floors of the Mother Corner House alongside. Let me say no more of size, then, but try to give some impression of its detail, which is no less wonderful.

Figure to yourself, as the French say, nine floors, three below ground and the four floors above it will be public rooms. And each floor is, I won't say how many square yards because figures are so boring, but about half the size of a football or hockey field. To that up mentally and imagine what it means, say, in terms of carpets, which cover no fewer than three of the five public rooms. As you can well believe, these carpets will be record-breaking things such as have never before been made. They have taken months to weave with whole mills busy on them. The ground floor covering is not carpet but marble mosaic, more than three million pieces, each bit no bigger than a lump of sugar and inlaid by hand. The mind groans under such microscopic dimensions.

Each floor has a clearly distinct style of its own. Below ground, for example, the decoration is in the Italian style known as Pergolesa, the ground floor Louis XIV. For the lift and staircases broad enough for a town hall communicate with the upper floors, the first of which is decorated in the Empire style, the second in that of the brothers Adams, the third in Louis XVI.

ART FOR EVERY MOOD.

I found myself wondering which I should choose had I an hour to spend, and it was not an easy choice. The artists both of the earlier Louis period and of the later had "a way with them" (as my Irish friends say) in the matter of decoration, a certain liveliness, a grace and ease which live strongly. The Adams work, in a colder, more chaste sort of way, is very restful. I came to the conclusion that if I

felt very much alive and kicking, eyes and ears all open, I should choose one of the Louis; if wanting to think and not be made to notice extraneous things too much, I should go to the Adams or the Empire. That soft tinge of pale blue and the myrtle wreaths of blameless white are very soothing at the right time.

You will surely be struck by the luxurious, well-nigh lavish, profusion of the use that has been made of costly and beautiful woods. The warm-hearted glow of mahogany, or the mellowness of walnut, or the cheery, chirpy optimism of a certain, pale golden wood which I do not know, are to be felt wherever one may stand. Framings, mouldings, and panellings of most generous and costly proportions concord with furniture, flooring and decoration in happiest harmony. You can almost feel your mood "change gear" in response, as you pass from one to another, floor by floor.

MARBLE FOR THE MILLION.

But among the most arresting wonders of this wonderful place is its marble. Staircases, walls, pillars—it is everywhere. Rose-tinted marble, white marble, blue and white and red and white, and lastly a sort of pale buff marble which I think perhaps belongs more strictly to the alabaster family. There seem acres of marble. And it is no mere veneer. During my journey I came across several panels that had been discarded for some reason or other. They were probably three feet by four each, an inch thick at least in the centres, and probably twice this much in the surrounding borders. The sight of such solidity was enough to convince one that a fortune must have been spent in marble alone. And to think that that one can sit in such surroundings as these for the outlay of even a few pence! It is really wonderful work. Mahogany for the million, walnut for the million, marble for the million! Adams, the Empire, and the Louis for the million! As pioneers in such provision and in its amplitude alike, the firm of Lyons are undoubtedly unique.

While the whole of the New Corner House is a palace of wonder and surprise, I think there is one part which will focus a woman's interest more than any other. That is the ground floor "shop." "Shop" is a poor word, "emporium" a worse, by misuse. Neither conveys an idea of what the Corner House ground floor is like. The centre consists of the largest sweet and chocolate stands in the world. Framed roughly in a square, with assistants inside, they hold actually (as of sweetmeats) "choc" in some 200 varieties, sweets in almost as many more, and of every colour and shape. Apart from the rich brown of the chocolates, the colours of these counters will vie with those of a garden of sweet peas or the stalls of Shrewsbury flower show. Behind will stand the assistants, and as though still to maintain the spirit of the flower-garden which the place suggests, they will all be uniformed in an apple-shade of green, with aprons like the old gold of autumn leaves.

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOP.

At intervals along the stands are great electric lamps "robed" and shaded in most delicately tinted silks to harmonise with the wonderful colour scheme of the counters. In similar tinted silks along the counters will be the "choc" late dolls, "a new kind of chocolate container which have been procured by the firm specially to mark the opening of this, their greatest and the world's greatest "choc-shop." Round the sides are the biscuit and cake and pastry counters, ice counters, soda fountains, and the like, again with huge silk-shaded globes like those of the sweets counters. Imagine also a wonderful coloured ceiling and freeze over-head, walls of walnut wood around, beneath, an inlaid marble floor in many colours, and you have a whole which must be unique, I think, in all the whole gamut of the world's beautiful shops.

When taken to the pantomime as a small boy I used to stand mentally on tiptoe for the coming of what was called the "transformation scene." That was the moment. And singularly beautiful were many of the scenes exhibited. I can well-nigh see them now. But, dig as I will into the memory heap of the past, I cannot recall even a "transformation scene" that was so daintily pretty and original as the Corner House "choc" scene. I used to stand mentally on tiptoe for the coming of what was called the "transformation scene." That was the moment. And singularly beautiful were many of the scenes exhibited. I can well-nigh see them now. But, dig as I will into the memory heap of the past, I cannot recall even a "transformation scene" that was so daintily pretty and original as the Corner House "choc" scene.

"shop" will be on Wednesday next, with its lights, its colours, its movement and life all aglow.

MAN—AND HIS LUNCH.

And now a word for men. We may have an eye for the "choc" counters and all the pretty things pertaining thereto, but, with the shyness of our kind, we shall much more probably make through the top and away to the new lunch counters behind. Man, a queer creature, can, like a horse, eat standing or, like nothing on earth, sitting at a counter on a high stool with legs twisted like ivy round it. You have only to notice the thousands of male-kind who in this country, France, Germany and right away to America take their midday meals "under all plain sail," so to speak—with hats on, legs twisted round the spokes of a stool—to realise that comfort is not exactly first consideration, but that it ranks third to two others more important—food-quality and speed.

(Continued at foot of page 6.)



LYONS CORNER

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& SHOWROOMS AT

246 HIGH HOLBORN

A NEW NOTE IN LUXURY.

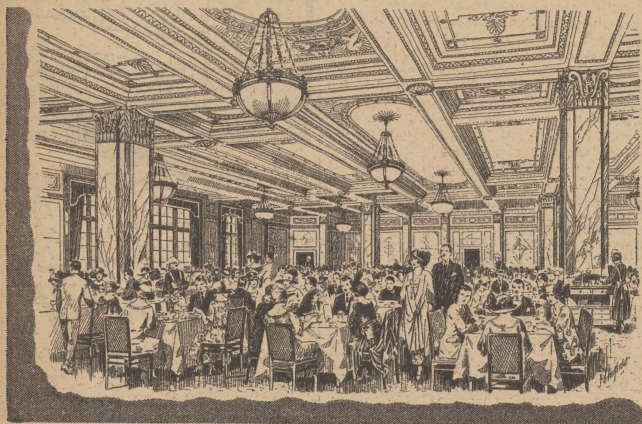
SERVICE FOR EVERY NEED.

One can imagine a stranger and his wife in London standing on the south pavement of Coventry-street and gazing at the facade of the new Corner House. They see a colossal building, the architectural grace of which suggests an interior as luxurious as the exterior is imposing. They know, let us suppose, no more than that this new building is a restaurant; and the man takes a precautionary peep inside his note-case. It will, he thinks, be fairly safe to explore the place if he has a couple of pounds on him.

The Londoner, on the other hand, will suffer from no such mistaken notion. He, too, will be impressed by the grandeur of the building, will expect to find the interior decoration conceived on no less lavish a scale; but he—and this is the difference—knows what a Corner House is. He knows that he will be made just as welcome

of the Corner House brought delicate eating and luxury for the first time within reach of the general public. For the first time one lunched and dined in a place that could provide an elaborate meal and provide it remarkably well, and yet did not necessarily expect one to order anything more than a cup of coffee and a roll: a place that did, whatever one ordered, provide every amenity that can make a restaurant a pleasant place in which to eat.

The later Corner Houses and Maisons Lyons carried out the same policy; they possessed the same delightful surroundings, the same cheery atmosphere of gaiety, the same moderate and infinitely varied tariff. The huge new Corner House that has risen by the side of the first one, dwarfing it almost into insignificance, is bigger, more luxurious, more imposing without and



LUNCH TIME IN THE NEW CORNER HOUSE.

if he orders for himself and his partner merely threepenny cups of tea; that he will receive just the same pleasant, willing, and efficient service as if he ordered all the most expensive dishes on the menu and a bottle of wine to boot.

WHAT A CORNER HOUSE IS.

That, after all, is the idea of the Corner House—the idea of meeting the public's wishes, whatever those wishes may be. It is, comparatively speaking, a new idea. Not long ago there were no Corner Houses; and that very large and important section of the public which finds elaborate and expensive meals beyond its means, had perforce to do without the comforts of luxurious surroundings, good music, and expert service—comforts that only the purchase of costly meals entitled the diner to expect. The advent

within than its predecessors; but it is, as the very name "Corner House" guarantees, a further example of the same unchanging policy.

On the four restaurant floors of the new Corner House—on the lower ground floor, that is, and the first, second and third—four thousand five hundred people will be served at a time. They will be served in what are not only the largest, but perhaps the most magnificent restaurant rooms in London. The scene in any of these rooms at midday or in the evening will be wonderful. Hundreds upon hundreds of snowy white tables, with sparkling silver and glass, a thousand happy people laughing and talking, or listening to the music of a great orchestra; trim waitresses

(Continued on page 5.)

THE PURSUIT OF AN EXACTING IDEAL. (Continued from Page 5.)

The Lyons waitress is "sleek" enough, but nothing could be more quick than to choose your dish from a counter and eat it there and then.

With eyes ever afield, the Lyons firm have noted this queer habit of the male and have provided for it. The lunch counters and hors d'œuvres counters are marvels of their kind. Such choice of dishes, at such modest prices! And the day may be 90deg. in the shade, but your quick lunch, to be seen lying daintily under a glass case, is reposing there at 35deg. to 45deg. F.

How is it done? The glass case is several glass plates thick, though so clear that you seem to see only one, and between each plate is a layer of air of lower temperature than that in the layer above. So by descending stages the temperature is reduced right down to freezing or below if needed. The cooling plant is underneath, and is, in fact, part of a wonderful cooling service that circulates the building, including provision counters, ice counters, soda fountain, quick lunch, and all the rest. They seem to have coolness "laid on" and as readily accessible at the Corner House as water and electricity.

LITTLE SERVICES UNSEEN.

The wonderful storage places below ground, with wines in thousands of bottles, food and ingredients of every kind; the two great floors upstairs where chocolates and sweets are made, the rest rooms and baths for the staff; the wonderful white-tiled kitchens on each floor with stoves and cooking appliances made by Lyons'

foundry from their own designs—these are among the things which the general public will not see. Nor will they see or perhaps even be conscious of the thousand and one other services, many of them most elaborate, that have been thought out and provided to increase their comfort and luxury. The air of these great rooms, for example, may seem cool in summer, cosy in winter and always freshly sweet. But few guests will realise that great and costly forces are at work drawing in supplies of air from without, cleaning it, filtering it, tempering it to right heat and removing it to the roof and the open air again long before it has had time to get exhausted. Fifteen times an hour can the air of every room be changed and renewed. Even cooking smells are kept in close subjection, seized by the neck before they have time to escape and scour-

Sample Breakfast Menu.	
Coffee	0 4
Porridge	0 3
Sausage	0 4
Roll and Butter	0 2
Marmalade	0 2
Total	1 3

ried pell-mell up great flues by air currents that wait for them like policemen right over the cooking places.

Great forethought, great skill, great enterprise and an enormous courage have the firm of Lyons displayed in this their latest and furthest pursuit of the Corner House ideal.

"An ideal, madam, is like to a lantern carried before one on the end of a pole. One marches ever towards it, but never reaches it, for it advances as one advances. The thing is ever to advance."

Perhaps so! Perhaps one never does reach it. But right truly has there been here a wondrous advance.

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and
LONDON**

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1923.

THE NEW CABINET.

MR. BALDWIN has now formed his Cabinet.

It does not differ very greatly from Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet, but there is one startling surprise and one other very interesting, though not unexpected, appointment.

None of the Conservatives who left the fold with Mr. Lloyd George are now returning to it.

Apparently they were unwilling to return separately, and were not invited to return collectively.

It was thought that, if both Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain failed him, the Prime Minister would have great difficulty in finding a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But that difficulty has been surmounted. For the present Mr. Baldwin will continue to hold that office himself.

A little later—probably in about two months' time—after he has piloted the Finance Bill through its final stages, he will transfer it to Mr. Reginald McKenna, who is now happily on the high road to recovery from the enervating effects of his serious illness.

Seeing that Mr. McKenna has long been regarded as a pillar of the strictest set of the Asquithian Liberals, and has never renounced the creed of that party, his accession to the Cabinet is, indeed, a dramatic surprise.

But that does not mean that the appointment will be unpopular, even in Conservative circles.

Mr. McKenna is the most eminent of our financiers and the ablest of recent Chancellors.

His position at the head of one of our greatest banks is a guarantee that there will be no reckless and ill-considered financial experiments while he holds office.

Moreover, he is a ready debater, and will, for that reason alone, be a most valuable recruit to the Treasury Bench.

The other interesting appointment is that of Lord Robert Cecil to the Cabinet office of Lord Privy Seal.

It cannot, indeed, be said that Lord Robert was obviously marked out for inclusion in the present Administration; but he has gained much ground in public esteem during the last few years.

THE RED PERIL.

MUCH is obscure in the reports which reach us of the Red rising in the Ruhr.

It is still difficult—and perhaps impossible—to disentangle and separate the parts played respectively by hunger and the machinations of agitators.

Nor is it even easy to decide whether the Communists and the Nationalists are acting in opposition to each other or in collusion.

All that is quite certain is that the situation has a very ugly look.

Actual distress is no doubt present; and that distress has come about as the inevitable consequence, not of the occupation of the coal and iron country by the French, but of the inflation of the currency by the German Government.

Inflation is included by all economic authorities in their lists of the causes of famines.

It can produce that result very quickly, as we have lately seen, even in agricultural countries like Russia.

It produces it more rapidly, and with more deadly certainty, in the countries which depend upon their foreign trade for a portion of their food supply.

That is the position to which Germany is being brought—if she has not yet been brought to it—by the policy of her rulers.

It is a very dangerous state of things.

The anarchical disintegration of German society which it threatens may constitute a problem more difficult to deal with than either military or passive resistance.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Are We to Have Chaperons?—Surplus Omnibuses—Our Public Schools—Are Domestic Inferior?

CHAPERONS.

I COULD not help smiling at your leading article on chaperons, and so, too, will most girls.

The chaperon is as dead as Tut-ankh Amen, and can never be brought to life again. If the young women of to-day don't want chaperons, they won't have them.

The war taught women the value of self-reliance, and they are not likely to let the reins loose now they hold them so tight.

E. KATHERINE.

TOO MANY BUSES.

WE certainly have got too many buses on the streets at the present time. As soon as a rival bus appears the omnibus company seem to put many more buses on the road to outdo these so-called "pirates."

Fleet-street is almost impossible to cross these

BORING "AT HOMES."

I CANNOT suggest a new title for "At Homes," but I do think a notice should be put up with "Standing room only" on it.

In a competition between wearying and uninteresting institutions of society "At Homes" can give the others points and win by miles.

B. A. C.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

IT is the general opinion out here in the Argentine, that we English are hypocrites in our expressed sentiments on cruelty to animals. When, as of late, the home papers contain records of indignant protest against such things as ill-treatment of pit ponies, severe training of performing animals, or isolated cases of brutality to dogs or cats, the Argentine man laughs loud and long, and the Spanish papers publish sarcastic little articles referring to fox-hunting.

THE DOMESTIC SERVANT PROBLEM.



Our artist suggests that both mistresses and maids should be required to satisfy boards of examiners of their competence for their respective roles.

days, owing to the constant stream of buses. A journey the other evening from Fetter-lane to Liverpool-street took me nearly half an hour, whereas it used to be covered in less than ten minutes.

There was a hold-up at Ludgate-circus, at the Cannon-street end of Victoria-street, and again at the Mansion House. In fact, I have never seen such a solid mass of buses congregated in that spot.

I. H.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE English public schools produce scholarly, gentlemanly and sporting boys, who take their place in the front ranks of politicians, authors, etc.

Why, then, should we wish to change the curriculum in order to produce more "satisfactory" results?

To say that the athleticism at our schools is "an obvious defect" is a statement belied by events.

F. B.

ARE DOMESTICS INFERIOR?

WHY do so many people think that domestic servants are a grade below their fellow workers in the shops and factories?

I consider that if a young girl starts her career in a proper gentleman's establishment in any particular part that she fancies she will find her life far from lonely, and when once she has learned her work, quite interesting.

It is a great mistake to suppose that only inferior people enter domestic service. A. COOKE.

etc., which is mere legalised cruelty. Do people with sporting tendencies ever think of the terror and agony involved in so-called sport? Is it a wonder that we are a laughing-stock to less humane nations abroad?

When an Englishman out here protests against the many cases of callous torture inflicted on domestic animals, the strongest weapon in the hands of the enemy is to bid him go to England and stop the fox and other hunting and pheasant shooting. They ask him whether a few kicks and blows hurt an animal more than to be torn in pieces by dogs after having fled in mad terror until the exhausted heart and lungs give out?

Buenos Ayres.

THE USE OF BAD WEATHER.

IT is due to our weather that the Englishman makes such a good colonist. No matter where he goes, be it into broiling heat, icy cold, or torrid rain, the Englishman can stand it, for he has had a sample at home.

CLIMATE.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 25.—Tomato plants that have been thoroughly hardened off may now be set out in the open; but they may require some protection from night frosts and cold winds for a week or so.

Tomatoes should be set about one foot apart. Plant them firmly and provide stakes at once.

E. F. T.

IMPROVED ART IN THE HOME.

REFLECTIONS OF A VISITOR TO THE ACADEMY.

By EDWIN PUGH.

EVERY visit I pay to the Royal Academy confirms me in the belief that art is not all of the studios, and is not all contained in all the galleries of the world.

Art colours and warms the whole of life as sunshine colours and warms the world.

However little thought or attention we may give to its more supreme forms of expression in canvas and pigment, bronze and marble, its influence permeates every concern of our lives, and we can no more escape from it than from the necessity of breathing.

And so, though few know good painting from bad, and fewer still have any feeling for sculpture, we have each our share of responsibility for the national taste in art, as in all other lesser and greater things.

That is why it pleases me to think that I can discover an unmistakable upward tendency in the popular taste.

And I do not look for these encouraging signs solely in the mansions of that class which has an immemorial tradition of taste and culture, but also find among the fairly well to do, and even the more seemly and decent poor, the brightest promise of a growing nobility of conception as to art.

I look in the illustrated papers, on the hoardings, in the shopfronts of booksellers and print-sellers.

It is, of course, to the discovery and invention of ever new and improving processes in photographic reproduction that this impetus to beauty is due.

FURNITURE AND DECORATION.

In place of the hideous old prints and loathly oleographs which defiled and disfigured the homes of thirty or forty years ago, we have now an inexhaustible choice of really beautiful photogravures and so forth, offered at prices which (to quote slightly optimistic advertisements) are well within the reach of all.

Instead of the ugly grained wood, the semipternal maple and brassy gilt, we have now neat frames soberly and austere tinted, or plain, honest oak.

Our books, too, in their chaste bindings, with their oft-times exquisite illustrations, present a contrast to the general get-up of those abominations of desolation that used to encumber our shelves, which is like enchantment; while the difference between the illustrated periodicals of to-day and those of the last generation has to be seen to be believed.

But it is perhaps in the internal decoration and furniture, alike of our great buildings—our theatres and hotels, and so on—and of our homes, that the change for the better is most striking.

There is, alas! little to say in favour of our modern architecture and town planning.

Still, there are always these dainty and charming interiors to console us for these banal exteriors.

There are rows on rows of ugly villas in drab suburbs which are visions of bright prettiness within, and of something rather finer than mere prettiness, sometimes, expressing as they do an ordered and settled appreciation of the values of form and tone and line which is only one step short of actual picture-making, and often a long step in advance of mere mediocrity.

Lyon's
New
Corner
House
opens
May 30th

A NEW NOTE IN LUXURY.

(Continued from page 6.)

on every side flitting swiftly to and fro. And yet the tariff on each table will be not a whit less moderate than that of any Corner House or Maison Lyons in London.

So far as the West End shopper is concerned, the new Corner House is going to make the question, "Where shall I go for lunch?" superfluous; for it will provide whatever sort of lunch the shopper wants. An elaborate lunch to be eaten at leisure, a simple lunch and no time to waste on it, a lunch when the cost, to a shilling or two, doesn't much matter, a lunch that mustn't cost, all told, more than eightpence—these are to be had, in a wonderful setting and to the best of music, on any of the four restaurant floors.

THE CAFE DE PETIT REPAS.

There is, to add to the usefulness of the place, another service that in a London restaurant is a novelty. On the ground floor, where you enter to find yourself in the spacious mosaic-floored Salon, there is the Café de Petit Repas. There are occasions—they occur most frequently, perhaps, in hot weather—when an ordinary meal in the English style is hardly what one wants. Time was when the Englishman sternly refused to recognise this fact, feeling, no doubt, that it indicated a weakness unworthy of him. Perhaps we are becoming as a nation less conservative; perhaps we are yielding unconsciously to the opinion of the thousands of young ex-Service men who have come home with new ideas, gathered abroad, of public catering. Be that as it may, there has certainly grown up of late a demand for a meal such as the Café de Petit Repas offers its patrons—a service of light entrées, cold fish dishes and the like, one which may be said to have filled the gap that existed between the restaurant and the light refreshment buffet.

The tariff of the Café de Petit Repas makes very attractive reading. "Chartreuse of chicken in aspic," for instance, "Crab Patties" typical, these of the light entrées, whose variety is astonishing. Typical, too, of the whole Corner House service are their prices. The first is only 9d., the second 8d. To start picking out examples from this tariff is to risk using more space than this article has been allotted. Suffice it to say that there are, in addition to the many light entrées and fish dishes, hors d'œuvres, egg dishes and omelettes (18 different kinds), sandwiches, salads, savouries, sweets and cakes, ices and beverages of every sort from tea to cyder. One foresees the advent of a new fashion, set by the Café de Petit Repas: the taking of a very light meal—a mere snack, indeed—at eleven in the morning or at any time, for that matter. Egg mayonnaise, perhaps, or crab coquille, and black coffee or an iced drink, as the weather might indicate. A shilling would cover the cost of any of a hundred—petit repas, shall we call them—chosen on such lines as these.

FOR BUSY DAYS.

Restaurant and Café, however, do not represent the full extent of the Corner House's effort to supply the public's needs. There will, of course, be patrons who are desperately short of time, who consider the restaurants to be out of

the question and even the café to offer something too closely resembling the business of "sitting down and making a job of it." For these, the snack counter has been provided—a counter forty feet long that bears every delicacy that could conceivably be comprised in the term "snack." Here one may glance round, choose what most appeals at the moment, and be served with it without a moment's delay.

In these days, when the Soda Fountain has become so generally popular there is small need to describe the varied delights that it provides. The Soda Fountain on the ground floor of the new Corner House is, so far, the last word in Soda Fountains: there is nothing known even to the soda fountain wizards of America—the home of soda fountains—that it cannot produce—and produce at its best; and since it is to recur once more to the original theme—a part of a Lyons Corner House, nothing it provides is other than extremely moderate in price.

THE SHOP BEAUTIFUL.

Finally, there is the service of the Salon itself, a service that will play no small part in making the Corner House the most useful place in the West End. Here, in what is undoubtedly the most beautiful of all the rooms, you will find not a restaurant, but a shop—a shop that sells not only chocolates and sweets, but all the pastries, cakes and provisions that Lyons make so well. Even when thronged with purchasers it will have nothing of that congested condition in which so much shopping is done.

Hundreds of people at a time can wander through its cool spaces and inspect at leisure and in perfect comfort the wonderfully decorated displays of confectionery. Chocolates, sweets for the children—or, indeed, super-sweets of indescribably tempting appearance for oneself—cakes for tea, pastries and cold sweets for dinner, ready-cooked meat dishes and salads for picnics and for saving trouble at home—these are but a few of the things that the Salon offers the shopper.

To sum up, the new Corner House offers a full restaurant service for breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and supper, a new service of "petit repas," a quick snack service, a soda fountain service, and a shopping service. And though it is the largest restaurant in the world, though it is decorated and appointed with unprecedented luxuriance, and offers musical provision that has never been equalled, still—it is a Corner House, and offers all these things to the public at what London has learned to know as "Corner House prices."

For a time the new Corner House will be "a place to see"; as a spectacle it will draw all London to its doors. Later, when it has come to be regarded, with the other Lyons restaurants, as a permanent feature of London life, its usefulness, as opposed to its pure novelty, will be more clearly recognised. The opening of this great restaurant, with its vast accommodation, in the very heart of the West End, is going to prove an unqualified blessing to the thousands of people from London itself, from the suburbs and from the country outside, who throng the West End every day.

CENTRAL FREEZING!

The new Corner House is probably the only building in London that has coolness "laid on" in the same way that other buildings have heat.

Brine is used for cooling purposes, and it is chosen because it remains liquid at a temperature far lower than that at which water freezes.

In the basement refrigerating machines run by electric motors developing 120 horse-power reduce the brine to a temperature of 16 deg. Fahrenheit—16 degrees below freezing point. This brine is then pumped through pipes of five inches internal diameter to the various cooling services all over the building, and returns to the basement to be re-cooled and circulated again.

Many different types of cooling device are operated by the brine during its circuit. Each restaurant floor, for instance, has a larder where air must be kept at a constant low temperature by an air-cooling battery. There are ice cream containers that are brine-cooled instead of being packed in ice, and the soda fountain on the ground floor is cooled on the same principle. The Oyster Bar and the Provision Counter are fitted with brine-cooled cold storage cupboards. There is also fitted in the Provision Counter a unique system for the storage of ice-cream bricks at a temperature as low as zero Fahrenheit—32 degrees below freezing point!

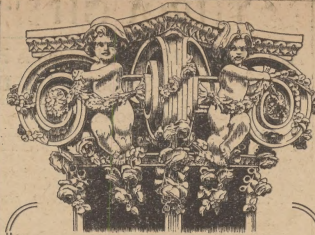
Sample Lunch Menu:

Mutton Cutlet ...	0 7
Fried Potatoes ...	0 3
Chocolate Ice ...	0 3
Total	1 1

SNACKS THAT KEEP FRESH

The snack counter that will be found at the back of the Salon on the ground floor of the new Corner House presents one feature that is entirely novel. In the past counters of this sort, which depend to a large extent for their utility on the fact that the customer can examine the various delicacies on sale, and make his choice without losing valuable time, have suffered from one great disadvantage. That is that the sandwiches, savouries, and so on, by no means benefit, as the day goes on, by being left exposed to the air. There is all the difference in the world

between a sandwich that is perfectly fresh and one which is not. Down the whole forty-foot length of this new snack counter—the finest that London has ever seen—will be displayed tempting delicacies in great variety. The customer need only walk the length of the counter to find inevitably at some point exactly what he wants. But the innumerable savouries, sandwiches, meat dishes, etc., that he will see will not be growing stale in the meantime. The compartments behind the glass through which the snacks are seen are actually refrigerators. Inside them the temperature is kept permanently at about 35deg. Fahrenheit.



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Whole of Ground Floor,
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Decorative Plaster Work to
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HOUSE

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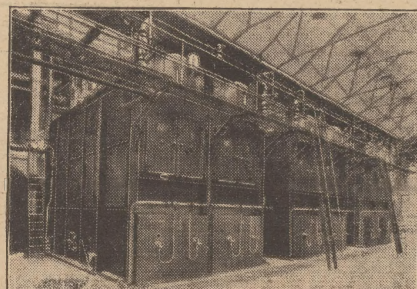
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Mr. Dennis Bradley, who is to address the Advertising Convention in America on Literature and Arts in Advertising.



Miss Alice Terry, playing the leading role in the new Rex Ingram film of the story by Rafael Sabatini, "Scaramouche."

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Downing-Street Garden Party—Navy's Favorite Papers—Different Coloured Eyes.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN celebrates her fifty-sixth birthday to-day. It is thirty years since her marriage as "Princess May" to the then Duke of York, and thirteen years since she became Queen. Never was she held in greater respect and affection by the people of this country than she is to-day.

Busy Season.

The King and Queen have now mapped out practically the whole of their programme for the next four months, and there are very few dates which are not filled in. Their Majesties will attend all the usual functions, such as the Derby, Ascot and Goodwood, and will be at Cowes for the regatta.

Taste in Dress.

The Queen steadily refuses to be influenced by any "advanced" movement, whether it be in dress, in art, or in housekeeping. In the matter of clothes her Majesty continues to prefer rich fabrics, such as brocades, or satins, to materials of a more flimsy texture. Counted among her favourite colours are pale blue and pink, while bright green is especially becoming to her clear, delicate colouring.

Pictures and Music.

In regard to art Queen Mary is a collector of water colours, with a special liking for flower pieces. If there is a good picture of anemones at an exhibition she usually buys it. Her Majesty displays a continually growing fondness for good music, and is proud of the degree of Doctor of Music which the University of London conferred upon her. Very regal she looks in her academic robes.

Countess' Daughter Engaged.

The Countess of Clauwilliam's daughter by her first marriage, Miss Gwendolene Howard, has become engaged to Captain Roger Crewdson. The Countess was the widow of the Hon. Oliver Howard when she married the Earl in 1909. The heir is Lord Gifford, born just before the war, and there are two girls. The family seat is Gill Hall, Co. Down.

Home Secretary's Eton Son.

The Home Secretary's youngest son, Maurice Bridgeman, is one of the most prominent boys at Eton, and this "half" he will be busy, for he fills four school offices. He is captain both of the cricket eleven and of the Oppidians, president of the Eton Society and one of the editors of the college "Chronicle." One of his cricket team, Clara Butt's son, has been aptly chosen as secretary of the Musical Society.

Mrs. Baldwin's Garden Party.

Mrs. Baldwin's garden party, for which she has already sent out the invitations, was to have been given on behalf of the Prime Minister, the P.M. at that particular moment being Mr. Bonar Law—so now she will be giving it also "on behalf of the Prime Minister," but this time meaning her own husband! Anyway, the same garden will suffice, as the gardens of No. 11 and No. 10 adjourn, and are really one and the same.

American Dance.

On Monday evening the American Charge d'Affaires and Mrs. Post Wheeler are giving a dance at their wonderful house on Chelsea Embankment. On the ground floor the great feature is the ball, which seems to take up all the space! There will be a great deal of American entertaining in London this season, and several of the leading hotels already have the atmosphere of American clubs.



Mrs. Post Wheeler.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Strange "Optical" Cases.

The case I mentioned of the man with odd eyes is not unique. Several correspondents tell me of men and women with eyes of different colours. One also tells me of a man who was married for twelve years before he noticed that his wife's eyes were not the same colour. I hope he had not spent his time looking into other women's eyes.

Dalmatians.

The secretary of the Dalmatian Club tells me that dogs and cats born pure white occasionally throw offspring with odd eyes, especially white cats and Dalmatians. Dalmatians are born pure white, and a peculiarity of this breed of dog is that it also throws deaf specimens.

The Right Eye!

A correspondent relates an amusing incident that occurred at a West End milliner's this week. A lady entered and asked to be suited with a hat to match her right eye. On closer observation it was seen that her right eye was blue and her left one brown.

Belgian Poet.

M. Emile Cammaerts, who has been lecturing on "The Spirit of Modern Poetry," though a Belgian by birth, has made his home in England for the last fifteen years. His patriotic poems made a great impression in this country, and it may be remembered that one of them, "Le Drapeau Belge," was translated into English by Lord Curzon.

Enthusiasm for Barrie.

If enthusiasm is any criterion of the success of a play, the revival of "What Every Woman Knows" should have a long run. When the comedy came to an end on the first night there were no fewer than ten curtain calls, and Hilda Trevelyan and Godfrey Tearle received a great ovation. Miss Trevelyan's Maggie Wylie was a beautiful piece of work.



Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

Tearle received a great ovation. Miss Trevelyan's Maggie Wylie was a beautiful piece of work.

Shyness of Genius.

I was impressed by the optimism of a few enthusiasts who started loudly calling for the author after the second act. Sir James Barrie never attends his first nights, so Godfrey Tearle returned thanks. Interesting people in the stalls included Richard Benet, who played John Shand in America, and Meggie Albanesi, looking very fit after her long illness.

De Laszlo Exhibition.

The exhibition of De Laszlo pictures, which is to be held throughout June at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall, will be the first he has had for the last ten years, and there will be some sixty of his pictures on view, including portraits of Mussolini, Earl Balfour and the Duchess of Northumberland.

Flower Painting.

Mr. Frank Galsworthy, who has an exhibition of garden and flower paintings at Walker's Galleries, went to America two years ago an unknown man and before long all artistic New York was going to see—and buy—his pictures. He is a modest man, who lives in an old world cottage at Chertsey and devotes his life to growing flowers and painting them.

Reflected Glory.

But modest though Mr. Frank Galsworthy is he does not believe in vicarious fame. His answer to the American journalists who clamoured to know if it were true that he was cousin to John Galsworthy, the novelist, was: "When John Galsworthy comes over here you might ask him if he's cousin to Frank Galsworthy, the painter."

France Honours India.

Paris seems to exercise a special attraction for Indian princes, and a number of them are in the French capital just now, my correspondent tells me. The Maharajah of Kapurthala gave a banquet in his Paris mansion the other day to celebrate his son's birthday, and it was attended by most of the Indian princes in Paris and a large number of members of the French aristocracy. Baron and Baroness Henri de Rothschild are giving a dinner in honour of the Maharajah.

What the Navy Reads.

A short time ago the Admiralty called for reports as to the newspapers and periodicals supplied to the Fleet. I am interested to find that *The Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* are supplied to every ship in the Navy, a distinction which belongs to only two other publications of any kind.

How "Jazz" Began.

What is jazz music? No one seems to know. The word "jazz" is now applied to many things, from clothes to moral conduct. Paul Whiteman, of the famous "jazz band," which bears his name, was telling me yesterday that the first time he heard the expression was in San Francisco some ten years ago. It was then used in the advertisements of a not very reputable dance club, and was taken to mean "free and easy."

Out of the Shadows!

Yesterday Paul Whiteman invited a number of well-known people to the Grafton Galleries to hear him and his band show what they really can do when it comes to playing "serious" music. The result was astonishing. As a savoury, Mr. Whiteman played a "jazz" version of Herman Finck's familiar "In the Shadows." I did not know whether to be the more astonished at the exhilarating quality of the music or the sad expression on Mr. Finck's face.

A Little Mixed.

On Empire Day I asked the damsel who sold me a flag what it was for, and she said it was to find work for veterans, and when I asked what kind of veterans she replied, after some thought, that they were "Crimean War sort of people!"

Judge's Actor Son.

Mr. Drury Channell, who is a son of Mr. Justice Channell, is appearing with Miss Christine Silver and Mr. Conroy Grain in "Doorsteps," at the Winter Garden, Bexhill, next week. Mr. Channell is making a little tour round the south coast with several well-known London artists.



M. Sacha Guitry, the famous French actor, who opens his season at the New Oxford Theatre on June 4.



Miss Gwendolene Howard, daughter of the Countess of Clauwilliam, engaged to Capt. Roger Crewdson.

"L. G." and Lewis.

I understand that the visit which Mr. Lloyd George was to make to the island of Lewis as the guest of Lord Leverhulme has been postponed until later in the summer. Four of Scotland's Labour members—Messrs. Kirkwood, Maxton, Wheatley and Stephen—are, I hear, in Lewis this week. Need it be added that they are not there as the guests of Lord Leverhulme?

Modern Hymnody.

The following inspiring example of modern hymnody is quoted in the current issue of the *Church Times*:—

I am so glad that I'm saved from sin
All through believing John 3, 16;
That "whoever"—I know it means me,
And now I'm enjoying I, Peter 1, 3.
It would be a pity to mar the perfect beauty
of this by any comment.

St. Dunstan's and Derby Day.

A comfortable way on Derby Day will be by the St. Dunstan's motor-coach service, which, for an inclusive charge of 50s., will take people from London to the course and back, give a view of the racing from an enclosure, provide a six-course lunch, tea, a buffet bar, special cloakrooms, a tipster and guaranteed bookies. Even then there will be something over to aid the fund.

Unfortunate.

Lady (of uncertain age, to eight-year-old boy): "Bobby, may I play with your young brother?" Bobby: "Oh, yes. He's easily satisfied."

THE RAMBLER.

REMEMBER!

It is the equipment furnished
by the

Carrier Engineering Company Ltd

that supplies the Cool Clean Atmosphere to

The NEW CORNER HOUSE RESTAURANT
and a CARRIER AIR CONDITIONING PLANT at
GREENFORD helps to make LYONS CHOCOLATES—

what they are!

MANUFACTURED WEATHER
MAKES
"EVERY DAY A GOOD DAY"

BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL



Above: After the unveiling of the battlefield memorial to the 34th Division at La Boisselle by Sir William Pulteney. Below: School children of La Boisselle bringing floral tributes to place at the foot of the newly unveiled monument. There was a brave display of flowers.

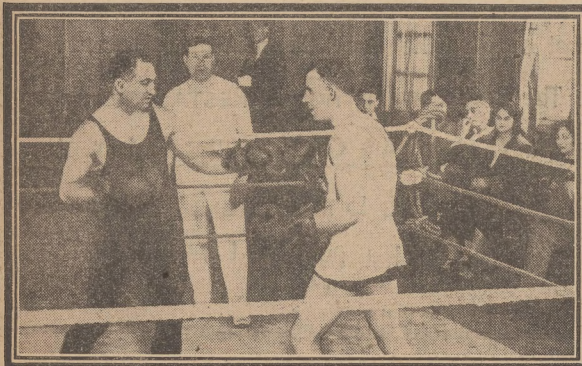


Part of a fine crop of the eagerly anticipated tubers.



Lifting potatoes on a Jersey farm. Tomatoes will take their place.

NEW POTATOES.—The new potato harvest is now in full swing in Jersey. Extra labour has to be imported from Brittany.



RATNER v. TODD CONTEST.—Augie Ratner, left, engaged with one of his sparring partners while training for his contest with Roland Todd at Holland Park on June 4. Exclusive photographs will be published in *The Daily Mirror*, and will appear in no other picture paper.

ROYAL ARCHER'S VICTORY



J. G. Jamieson, of the King's Scottish Bodyguard of archers, winner of the shoot for the Dalhousie sword, at the archery range, Edinburgh. The Royal Company of Archers is very proud of its long history and great traditions.



A NAVAL OCCASION.—Captain Rede, with the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn on the occasion of the Ulster Governor's visit to the destroyer flotilla in Belfast Harbour. It was the Governor's first naval fixture.



BASINGSTOKE WAR MEMORIAL.—Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice laying a wreath at the foot of Basingstoke's war memorial which he unveiled on Empire day. He acted as deputy for General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was unable to attend owing to illness.

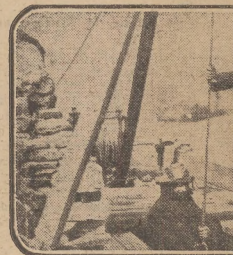
WEDDING



Mr. Rees, a South West Stevens, to whom he suggested that owing to the marriage.



A FUTURE PRIZE.—Club's annual district Devon. A fair member most promising.



Police-Constable Roe



The fire-engine used for **GRIM PIT MYSTERY.**—Opened Monday, near Glossop, in which a man was killed.

LEGAL?

LATE LORD TREVOR'S BURIAL

THE PRINCE IN WILTSHIRE



Miss Flossie carried within a few days of her death. It is now the absence of a registrar as illegal.



At the Milkal Calf of Ayrshires, Hemyock, the club with one of the registers present.



to descend the shaft.



ing water from the pit. at moorland pit shaft, Simons of a woman and two children found.



The farm wagon conveying the remains of the late Lord Trevor to their last resting-place in Chirk Parish Churchyard. The funeral ceremony was most impressive in its eloquent simplicity.



TRANSPORT VETERAN'S VISIT.—Mr. D. B. Hanna, ex-President of the Canadian National Railway, in London, and much interested in the metropolitan tramway organisation. An official explains some details of the all-night service to him.



BRUGES CELEBRATION.—A group representing the Flight into Egypt in the procession of the Holy Blood at Bruges. A great body of pilgrims attended this famous annual festival. It is in honour of a relic consisting of fabric believed to be stained by the blood of Christ.



The Prince making a tour of the show accompanied by Hon. Lady Hulse.



Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ward's Champion's First, a first prize Shorthorn. It is a dark roan born in 1919.



A part of the long procession of prize cattle in the parade.



Officials and notabilities presented to the Prince on his arrival at the show.

The Prince of Wales at the annual exhibition of the Wiltshire Agricultural Association at Salisbury. He was greatly interested in an unusually excellent collection of entries. Lady Hulse, this year's president of the show, conducted his Royal Highness through the grounds.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

LONDON'S NEW HIGH TEMPLE OF POPULAR MUSIC.

This is an ambitious title, perhaps, to claim for the New Corner House in Coventry-street, but let us see whether justifiable.

Lyons, as you may remember, were virtually pioneers in this country in the provision of music in places of refreshment. From comparatively small beginnings in this direction they have gone on and on, till to-day they and their associated hotels spend no less than £150,000 a year on providing popular music. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, or £500 each working day! They employ some 50 orchestras constantly, and in the course of a year give engagements to some 500 soloists, singers and others. Is there any other concern in the world of comparable kind that does this—or anything like it?

No. As providers of popular music they are unique and unrivalled. For great masses of people, especially in the provinces, they are, in fact, sole providers. There are thousands of people in Manchester, Liverpool, and perhaps in London, who, but for the music they hear in their Lyons café, would hear very little music at all beyond that perhaps of mechanical devices or the lowly music of the streets. To their

achievement in Corner-House service. Music all day, is the first innovation; there will be no "off" hours. Each of the great public floors will have its orchestras, sharing between them in friendly rivalry the task of maintaining a steady succession of musical numbers the whole day through. These orchestras with their "reliefs"—for no band will be asked to work more than five or six hours a day—will entail the constant employment of some eight orchestras, a number in one building quite unprecedented in the history of public catering.

The chief orchestras will vary in kind and character in order to yield as much musical variety as possible and appeal to many types of musical taste. The finding of such orchestras is not an easy business, for the world over they tend to run very much to a type, and exceptional originality coupled with skill is difficult to discover. Still, great pains have been taken to do this. Some months ago, in preparation for this week's opening, the directors of Lyons sent to America a musical emissary, whose instructions were to bring home, no matter at what expense, the most striking and popular orchestra that America could produce. From end to end he searched, patiently listening to the orchestras of greatest repute, but through all his journey he knew, after his first weeks in America, that it had but one preordained and inevitable end—Paul Specht and his orchestra! In public esteem no less than in performance this genius and his combination of nine players came an easy first. He must be got for the New Corner House; willy nilly, he must be made available to the New Corner House patrons, this "last word" in that gay and particular field of music which America has made her own.

No need to recount the bargainings that ensued. That the band is here is enough. But it may interest London to know that the cost of that orchestra to Messrs. Lyons is at the rate of about £35 for each member of it per week.

METEORIC RISE OF PAUL SPECHT.

What is the special quality and attraction of Paul Specht and his orchestra?

Even in America, where meteoric careers are common, the sudden rise to fame of Paul Specht is regarded as phenomenal. A year ago he was unknown; to-day his name is on every lip, his bands are playing in every part of America.

Paul Specht, the son of a violinist of some note, was born in the little Western American town of Sinking Springs, Pennsylvania. From the earliest age he showed promise of musical genius—his first public solo performance on the violin was given at the age of six! As a boy and a youth he concentrated all his energies on musical training and gained honours at a famous musical college.

(Continued on page 16.)



PAUL SPECHT.

Lyons café or Maison Lyons these people look for their music, and that particular café is for them the little temple at which alone they can worship at the shrine of music, the most beloved, the most democratic of all the arts.

And if there be one among all these temples of music which is pre-eminent, which exceeds every other in size, in splendour and in the bounty of its musical provision, that one surely and rightly ranks as the High Temple and has no rival to the title.

SEARCH FOR AN OUTSTANDING GENIUS.

Such a one will be the New Corner House in Coventry-street. In its music, as in every other respect, it will represent the apex of the firm's

3,000 ICE CREAM CONCOCTIONS.

The history of the Sundae and the other ice cream drinks dispensed on a huge scale at the New Corner House is quite exciting. It came from America—this passion for exquisite cooling drinks.

Now London has left America behind in the variety and the flavour of the ices and fizzes.

The Lyons people employed the very best experts they could find—the Royal Academicians of ice cream, so to speak. They started in a minor way. The Sundae caught on with the public. The trade increased by bounds.

Now it is no less than a thousand per cent. bigger than it was in the pioneer days.

And it is going ahead further. The Lyons organisation has made itself independent of the ordinary ice supplies. All the ice that the Sundae producers want they can have from the Lyons ice making process. Fruits are gathered from all over the world. From grape fruit to pistachio nuts, the experts get them all and every day are trying new combinations of flavours and passing them and the colourings they propose to use to the Lyons analytical chemists.

TRAINING THE MIXER.

Therefore the ice cream enthusiast has nothing to fear. The dispensers of the ice creams are trained in a school for four weeks in the arts of blending and mixing and producing the right and timely effervescence. Then they have two weeks' further training at the counter.

From a small staff a very big staff has grown—and thousands of people can be served in an hour at Lyons' New Corner House's luxury ice cream hall.

(Continued at foot of next column.)

THE HOUSE OF 2,000,000 CANDLES.

Even if two of the main sources of London's supply of electricity failed at the same time—an unlikely contingency—the New Corner House's electric lights would shine as unrelentingly as ever.

With a view to eliminating all possibility of a lighting breakdown, no fewer than three separate supplies of current have been laid on—two ordinary mains and the special emergency supply, or what is known as the "theatre main."

The lighting installation of the New Corner House has been conceived on a lavish scale. No fewer than 2,500 lamps will be in constant use, giving a total light of 2,000,000 candle-power.

Apart from the ordinary illumination, which has been so designed as to give a soft and yet brilliant effect throughout the building, batteries of "spot-lights"—miniature searchlights that will project beams of light of any colour—have been concentrated at many points for lighting effects on special festive occasions.

(Continued from previous column.)

As there are three thousand different ice cream concoctions, and as they can be taken in rotation, the epicure need not become satiated. He can see twenty-five or thirty samples in the window and make up his mind—for men as well as women have the ice cream taste, since it has been so artistically developed—which he will order.

In a few seconds the ice cream dispenser has whipped it up for him and there it is—coloured like, pleasing to the eye, delicious to the palate, a refresher, a tonic and a food.



Light and Delight

A BECOMING frock that you know suits you—a congenial companion—a dainty meal—soft music—light and laughter . . . and you feel on good terms with yourself and the world in general.

Pleasing and appropriate surroundings contribute largely to the enjoyment of a meal, and give an added zest to the delights of the table. When you visit the new Corner House you will find ample evidence that Messrs. Lyons realise the value of appropriate environment—and not least in importance in this connection, of course, is lighting.

It is significant that the proprietors have been content to entrust the whole of the illumination of the Empire's largest restaurant to the lamps you know so well—



Osram
G.E.C.
GAS FILLED LAMPS

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF TERRA COTTA at LYONS' NEW CORNER HOUSE

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TERRA COTTA
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*This material is the first
Terra Cotta in London burnt by
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LONDON OFFICE

12, BUCKINGHAM ST., STRAND, W.C.

PIP AND SQUEAK

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

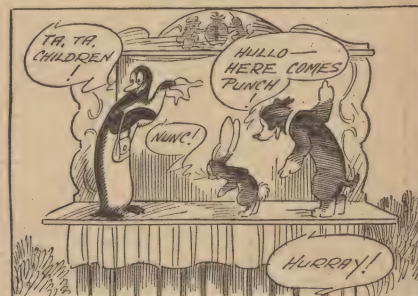
No. 85.—MR. PUNCH, IN MERRY MOOD, "KNOCKS OUT" EVERYBODY—EXCEPT PIP.



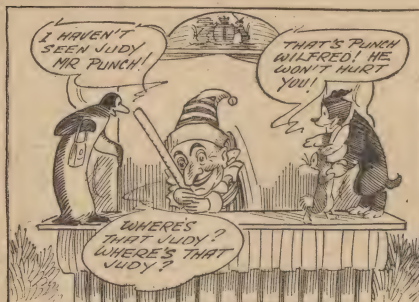
1. Pip, Squeak and Wilfred love watching Punch and Judy shows. They came across one yesterday.



2. 'Let's hurry up and see the fun,' cried Squeak. To their joy they were invited on the "stage."



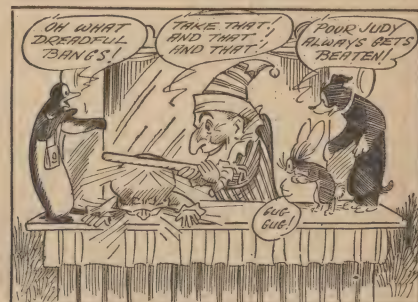
3. They never guessed what thrills were in store for them! "Hurray, here comes Punch!" cried Pip.



4. And then that bad-tempered old fellow popped up from below. "Where's that Judy?" he screamed.



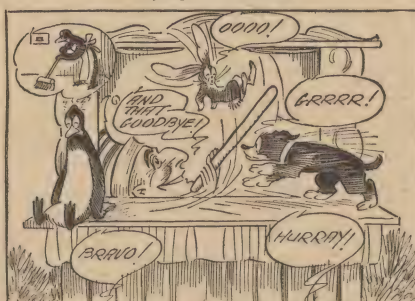
5. "Where is she? Where is she?" he went on, prodding Pip with his stick.



6. Of course, no sooner did Punch see Judy than he knocked her down. Wilfred chuckled gleefully.



7. "Oh, you are unkind," Squeak was saying, when—crack!—Punch knocked her down.



8. Then, turning round, he knocked little Wilfred down—up rather up—and disappeared.



9. It was some time before Squeak and Wilfred recovered. They won't "play" with Mr. Punch again.

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 15.

Herbert finds out that golf should not really be played with an umbrella instead of a club!



1. Herbert thought he would be doing a good turn if he took Father's new umbrella—



2. —to the golf links. Unfortunately, on the way, he decided to have a "shot."



3. He found he couldn't hit the ball—although he managed to smash the umbrella!



4. Father wasn't very pleased when he saw Herbert—and the umbrella!

BERTIE BEAR MAKES A HAMMOCK



A "DREAM" HOUSE. Where the Pets Would Like to Live.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, like many boys and girls, love to imagine they have an ideal house to live in. Of course, their real little "doll's house," which they take with them when they are on their annual tour round the coast, is quite "comfy." But it is not the "dream" house which Squeak longs for.

Below you see a plan of this ideal house.



Plan of Squeak's ideal house.

room (with hot and cold water) is her idea. Of course, there must be plenty of windows, for fresh air; and Squeak has insisted on a kitchen and scullery, with back-door (B). The front door (D) would lead into a noble hall, with a hat rack and umbrella stand (S) at the end. The pets are quite sure that "one day" they will really possess such a duddy little house. I wonder...



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, May 26, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

I do not think, judging from their exciting experience as "actors" in a Punch and Judy show, that Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will ever again take part in such a thrilling performance. In future they will much prefer, like yourselves, to be in a safe position among the girls and boys in the audience. It is much funnier to watch Punch knocking people down with his stick than to be one of the victims of this hard-hearted old rascal.

For we must not forget that, although we cannot help laughing at Punch's antics, he is really a very bullying sort of person, who loves nothing better than to knock down everybody he sees.

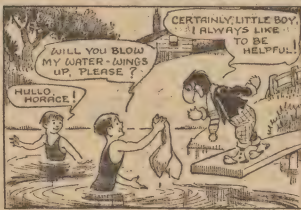
PUNCH "KNOCKS OUT" SQUEAK.

I think Squeak's appearance on the historic stage of Punch and Judy is extremely comic, as there is no creature in the world more unlike Punch than our dear old penguin. She is always sympathising with everyone in their troubles, and she felt awfully upset when Punch was beating poor Judy. She never for a moment guessed that Punch would turn on her. "Dear Punch," she was saying, "please don't beat poor Judy like that—" and then—whack!—Squeak immediately became unconscious and thought she was peacefully sweeping up at home!

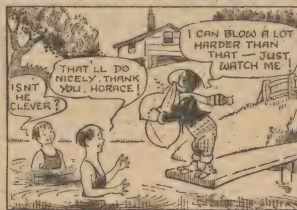
Punch turned on Wilfred and knocked him off his feet, and then, before angry Pip came to the rescue, disappeared from the stage with a shrill, mocking sort of laugh. The man outside with the pipes and drum started playing up for the next act, but the pets thought it wisest and safest to retire! I think so, too, don't you?

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:



1. Horace was delighted when the boys asked him to blow up their water-wings.



2. "Certainly!" he said, politely. Then he blew—and he blew—and—

Our little parrot blows up some water-wings—and himself!



3. —he blew until they burst! Then the boys "blew up" Horace!

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY.



BY CYNTHIA GORDON.

FOR NEW READERS.

Pamela, Paul and Babs creep downstairs at night to examine a mysterious door they have found in Professor Pigeon's house, where they are staying. They are startled by a strange man.

THE TWENTY-SIX BUTTONS.

PAUL heard the man clattering down the stairs three at a time. The boy did not wait for his sisters—who were, indeed, too frightened to do anything except scream—but instantly hurried out to the landing. "Stop thief! Burglar's! Help!" he shouted at the top of his voice, and went racing down in pursuit. As he ran he heard doors being opened upstairs and confused cries.

Reaching the hall, Paul saw the fugitive feverishly trying to open the front door. The boy made a dash for him, and the man turned with a menacing gesture. "Get back!" he cried fiercely.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Paul. The man's answer was to leap suddenly forward and hit out at Paul with his fist. The boy ducked, and, flinging his arms round his opponent's waist, tried to bring him to the ground. But he was not strong enough; there was a sharp, short struggle and Paul was violently hurled on his back to the floor.

He picked himself up, only just in time to see the mysterious man fling up one of the windows and scramble out over the sill.

"He escaped through the window," gasped Paul. "He has probably got away by now." This proved to be the case. The Professor went out with a bull's-eye lantern, and examined the road for some way up, but he could find no trace of the mysterious visitor.

Meanwhile, Pamela had been eagerly questioning Paul. "What was he like?" she asked. "I didn't have time to see," replied her brother, "but, here he lowered his tone, 'one thing struck me as jolly funny. His voice was exactly like Mr. Morgan's!'"

Pamela whistled.

The next day everyone was talking about the "burglary." The Professor had decided not to call in the police, as nothing had been stolen; but he seemed very worried.

Pamela and Paul held a "council of war."



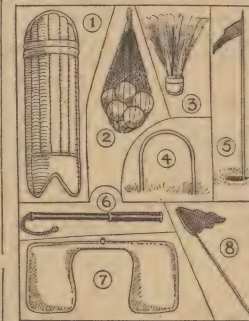
The man flung up the window and scrambled out over the sill.

and at last agreed that it would be wiser not to say anything about their suspicions. "I believe that man was Mr. Morgan," said Paul, with conviction. "He must have come to open the green door. We'll watch him."

During the afternoon Mr. Morgan actually called to see the Professor. He appeared rather nervous, but seemed surprised when told about the midnight adventure. "Some burglar," was his comment.

SUMMER JOYS. Splendid New Puzzle Contest.

Each of the little pictures you see below represents some game or sport you play in the summer. For instance, No. 1 is obviously a cricket



pad; therefore the game is Cricket! They are not all games, however; some of them are just ordinary summer amusements.

For the correct and neatest solutions, written on a card, I am awarding the following fine prizes:

First Prize	52 10 0
Second Prize	1 10 0
Third Prize	1 0 0
Forty Prizes of	5 0
Forty Prizes of	2 6

Send your card, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Summer), "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 23, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4.

Only children under sixteen may enter for this competition, the closing date of which is June 2.

PERCY PELICAN HAS SOME FUN



A DEBT OF HONOUR

By MAY EDGINTON



"I want to make love to you, Anna," said Silver, in a heavy, purposeful voice. "I want to make you love me." "Don't say it any more, Silver."

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

ANNA LAND, employed as forewoman at the A. Garnet Printing Works, London, has a sister Lucia, Mrs. Aveline, a woman twenty years older than herself, who has had three husbands and is rich in worldly possessions. Lucia is restless, pleasure-loving; Anna, young, pure, idealistic, willing to sacrifice everything to self-expression, which in her case is music.

The manager of the Garnet Works is Bertie Silver, a strong, saturnine individual, whose secretary, King Garnet, owner of the Garnet Works, meets Anna and displays interest in her. Silver is jealous. He has been secretly acquiring information, and one night he tells Anna that he has discovered he is old Garnet's son and heir by a former marriage, and that King Garnet is his half-brother and a pauper.

He proposes to Anna, but she will not accept him. Later, Silver ejects Mrs. Garnet and King Garnet from the house which is now his, and Mrs. Garnet goes abroad.

King Garnet's employment as a waiter at a restaurant where Anna has been engaged to sing at five pounds a week. He learns that Silver has extracted from Anna a half-promise that she will allow him to pay the expenses of a song-recital, and is bitterly angry. It seems to him that Anna has gone over to the enemy.

He determines to obtain the money himself, and for that purpose calls on Silver, whose secretary, Paul Bobby, an unscrupulous young man who is an admirer of Lucia, receives him. Bobby suggests that the money may be easily earned if King will get Silver out of the way one day and so prevent a certain financial deal which Silver is contemplating.

King successfully abducts his half-brother and leaves him on Dartmoor. He then arranges that the money shall reach Anna as if it were a legacy. When Silver returns he is furiously angry.

UNCONQUERABLE ANNA.

SILVER went after all in a mood of restored amour propre to Lucia's little Mayfair house. Bobby had told him with exactly the right words for the right amount of dinner. A hot bath had steamed away most of his bodily stiffness, and Bobby's tongue was skilled in the art of soothing ruffled pride.

So it was with pleasure that he grasped Lucia's thin white hand—remembering how, according to Bobby, she had rung him up half a dozen times in her desire for his society—and looking into her thin white face, expressed a little pompously his delight at being with her again.

He missed, being concerned with himself as usual, the strain in her smile, the lost stare of her blue eyes, and the extreme wilful fragility of her. She shook hands with Bobby next, without a word. For Bobby her eyes were downcast, her smile tremulous. Silver passed on quickly to where he saw Anna standing on the other side of the small drawing-room.

He reached her, scowling away the one or two people who were talking with her, and they were alone, if the yard or so of space his black look had cleared round them constituted aloneness.

"Thank you for your news this afternoon," he began in a high-pitched voice of reproach.

He knew that never had he seen Anna so radiant. She had a black evening frock like a sheath and crystal buckles on her slender shoes. And the shine in her eyes outshone any crystal ever cut.

"Thank you for your congratulations, Silver," "I meant them!" he replied sardonically.

"Let us sit down," said Anna. "Tell me what you have been doing." They sat down on a Chesterfield just behind them.

"I've been doing nothing particularly pleasant," said Silver. "Let's hear what you have been doing, and all about this wonderful affair of your legacy. I never heard you say you had any relations."

"This was an uncle of mine by marriage, according to the lawyers—my mother's sister's second husband, whom she married in New Zealand, so none of us knew him. I didn't even know my aunt had gone to New Zealand and died there—in fact, I never even knew the aunt. It was her money that I inherit. Aren't things queer?"

"They are," Silver growled. "What with convenient fictitious aunts and legacies from the other side of the world. Oh! very queer."

"There's nothing fictitious about this," Anna said with spirit.

"The lawyers?"

"Who are they?"

She told him, and Silver looked wise because it was his way, though one City solicitor or meant about as much to him as another.

"Shall ask Maddox about em," said he importantly.

"Oh, do," said Anna, with a little humorous curl of the lips for Silver. "But it's all bona fide. This lawyer."

"Aha!" said Silver.

"My singing master's helping me to arrange my concert; he's persuading various men to go to it—Marini, de Golia, Hermann Baron."

She mentioned a string of musical directors, impresarios and singers of note. "We have taken the Queen's Hall. I'm practising all day! Ferrugi's letting me off some of my songs at the Charlton to rest my voice; he's letting the concert be advertised by leaflets on the dinner tables. . . . Silver, it is a kind world!"

"You didn't always find it so, my child."

"I always thought it fine, Silver."

"Yes, you had a lot of silly notions about everything, Anna; always had."

"And always shall have, according to you."

"The world," said Silver in a trumpet-like voice, laying down his law, "is what you force it to be, my dear. The world's out for all the golden eggs you can lay, and the moment the egg is laid it kills the poor goose. I'm not making a personal complaint, please understand. No! What I want I get; what I demand I have. Of course I—men like me—am a specific instance. We aren't general. In the abstract the world's as I explain to you. But some of you women will never open your eyes."

One or two people had turned round as Silver trumpeted this and were whispering to one another. "Who on earth is he?" He saw their stares and caught the sound, if not the gist of their comments. He imagined them saying: "Listen! That's Silver Garnet speaking; over there."

He said to Anna with an airy laugh and a shrug: "I'm altogether too well known to be truthful out loud, my dear. Come to the balcony a moment, where we shall be alone."

"There is time before supper," she answered.

They rose, wandered through thick little groups of chattering people to where the open French windows gave on to a covered-in balcony, starred with cherry blossom and almond blossom, cool with the massed green of palms and smouldering heavily of heliotrope and hyacinth. Lucia's balcony, all her house, was like her—exotic, intensive, over-cultured, and sweetly perfumed.

Anna and Silver stood in the narrow flower-walled space, and through the glass sides could see the flash of car-lamps passing to and fro and the lighted windows of the rich and busy houses.

"I want to make love to you, Anna," said Silver in a heavy purposeful voice. "I want to make you love me."

"Don't say it any more, Silver."

"I shall say it, and say it, and say it!" replied Silver passionately. His eyes were hot and jealous. "This is a bitter disappointment to me, Anna—not to be helping you. I wanted to! But if you think it is going to carry you right away from me, this poor little five hundred pounds of yours, you are mistaken. It won't buy much of the world you want—a sum like that! I shall come back over and over again. And one day when you see and confess that every step of the way you wish to take must be taken over stone and with tears, why, you'll decide to drive over it with me in my limousine."

"You're eloquent." "I've not said half I could say. It's not in me to talk. I'm not that kind of man. The man who talks loses force, Anna. Force! What all you women worship if you will only confess it. Well. . . . At long last every woman confesses it. She worships force. And power." "Oh, Silver! The myths that men teach them."

"No, no, my child! It's what women have taught men."

"Perhaps, Silver. But the women don't believe it themselves."

"It profits them to pretend it," said Silver angrily.

"Is pretence enough for you, Silver?"

"It would serve me, it it must, as it serves you. Close your eyes. Let yourself go. Don't think. Let me think for you. Darling girl, why not announce to-night."

Silver laid a hand upon her arm. "Soft as a flower, dear," he said meltingly. "And I love you. Close your eyes. Let yourself go. Don't think. Let me think for you. Darling girl, why not announce to-night."

She dropped her arm under his touch. "And that would be good enough for you, Silver?"

"Yes, anyway anywhere, would be good enough for me," Silver flared.

"As I say," Anna murmured, "you want too little. Let us go in again."

"No!" said Silver, and he stood before her trying to will her; but with a slight smile that pricked his vanity harder than an open laugh would have done, she slid by him, and stood on the threshold of the drawing-room, within sight of all eyes again.

SECOND BEST.

HER look was caught by her sister, talking to Lord Ivinghoe.

Old Ivinghoe's admiring look apparently saw nothing but what he wished to see. But Anna looked over the threshold at her sister and saw all her whiteness, her frailty, her evanescent beauty, on the edge of disaster.

Anna sensed disaster, and would have liked to clear the room roughly and sit down by the fireside with Lucia and take the tired one in her arms.

She said to Silver: "Lucia is very fatigued to-night."

She really hated Silver for replying: "Well, your sister is not as young as she was, my dear. And that type doesn't wear. It burns out."

Without vouchsafing him another look, Anna walked into the room and stood near Lucia. Lucia turned to see who it was, saw Anna, and

sent her a smile. That smile pulled at the strings of Anna's heart.

At the same moment were announced: "Mrs. Garnet: Lady Mabel Conway." Lucia more than rose to the occasion. She beckoned Silver with a smile to follow her as she went forward to receive the two women, and fastened him to them with her: "Dear Mrs. Garnet; Mabel, our darling! here's the joy person of all others who should be here for you to-night!"

Silver: Garnet was looking into the startled, flickering eyes of his father's second wife.

The startled flicker vanished in a moment, and Mrs. Garnet's sly, gracious smile came out. "Mrs. Aveline is right, you know," she purred, with her hand in Silver's. "We ought to know each other better. The whole thing has been very gauche; absurd. My dear man, as a man of the world—tell me candidly if you don't think it is gauche and absurd?"

And Silver found himself in a flattered voice replying: "Well, I answer to a woman of the world, dear lady, that I do."

An expressive sigh betokened her relief. She said: "Have you met Lady Mabel Conway? Mabel, darling, Mr. Silver Garnet."

In the last three months Lady Mabel had been brought to see what Mrs. Garnet called plaintively the mere commonness of her attitude. Silver had, by a catastrophe, the family money; Silver was a silly man! Silver could part with a nice little slice of it again. Lady Mabel, ever malleable, quite thought this the right point of view. Her poor friend was penniless, save for charity. She had hated Silver reasonlessly on behalf of King; but King had failed her; King did not care. Callously King disappeared.

Without faltering she held out her very small ringed hand to Silver, and said most sweetly: "You must come and see us, Mr. Garnet. Mrs. Garnet's staying with me, you know."

"I'm obliged to," sighed Mrs. Garnet.

"Darling!" said Mabel; and to Silver: "Have you our address? Why not lunch to-morrow?"

Silver sat down between the women on the Chesterfield where a few minutes before he had been sitting with Anna. Anna was now talking to Marini, the great impresario, and Silver's eyes, wandering to her, came back to Mabel's little placid face and stayed there. He was thinking in an ill-concealed fluster: "Lady Mabel Conway; only daughter of the late Earl of Aldersley. Brother, tuberculous. . . . She's going to inherit somewhere. . . . I've heard that. Countess in her own right by and by. . . ."

Another fine instalment will appear on Monday.

Embassy Plate

When Lyons set out to build the Empire's greatest restaurant, they determined that nothing but the best should grace its interior.

They looked for plate that should be as far above other plate as the building itself is above the buildings on either side. They found—Embassy.

Wherever nothing but the best is good enough, the plate is Embassy plate. That is why Lyons, who never make mistakes, knew that they must have it for the New Comer House.

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LONDON'S NEW HIGH TEMPLE OF POPULAR MUSIC

(Continued from page 12.)

Little more than a year ago, Paul Specht's chance came. He had organised a band at Sink-Spring, and the success of the new type of music he had evolved had gained him a local reputation. It was then, while he was still comparatively unknown outside his own locality, that he received an invitation from a music-hall agent in New York.

Specht seized his opportunity. He arrived in New York with his band the next day, and six hours after they had left the train they were playing at a meeting of the National Vaudeville Artists' Club.

The audience, it should be remembered, was composed entirely of professionals—a critical audience, normally anything but enthusiasts. Half an hour after Specht and his orchestra had been introduced that audience was cheering, applauding, shouting for encores. Paul Specht's days of obscurity were over.

In the short space of time that has followed more than forty orchestras have been trained to play the Specht type of music, and are playing not only in America, but in France, Austria, Canada and other countries. What is the new type of music that has gained such an astonishing success? Paul Specht himself calls it: "Rhythmic Symphonic Syncopation," and explains that he has brought to modern American music the old traditions of symphony in which his mind was saturated in his earlier days of training.

MISS MARGARET HOLLOWAY'S SUCCESS.

An orchestra of different type, which cannot fail to give delight to New Corner House visitors, is that of Miss Margaret Holloway and her 30 women players. This distinguished young musician, in addition to academic musical skill and training of the highest order, has displayed a flair for orchestra conducting which is of rarest quality. To herself she has attracted a loyal band of women musicians, and the striking success of her band in another establishment of Messrs. Lyons is warranty for their belief that in the greater field of New Corner House she and her band will make a straight and quick way into an even wider popular appreciation.

Miss Holloway has played a very great part in the general Lyons' scheme of making restaurant music all that it should be. A few years ago the idea of a restaurant orchestra playing Wagner, Beethoven and Bach—and



MISS MARGARET HOLLOWAY.

being enjoyed by the diners—would have been regarded as improbable to the point of absurdity. It needed a musician of Margaret Holloway's capability—and pluck—to demonstrate the truth of the contention on which the Lyons' policy is based, that public taste is good taste.

Just how hard Miss Holloway has worked in the past, few even of those who so sincerely appreciate her music realise. Had she been content with less ambitious programmes, had she taken the easier course of crediting her audience with a taste for nothing but "popular" stuff, she would have had a smoother path to travel; but she would not be able to look back on the same record of achievement.

There are some thousands of Londoners who have missed Margaret Holloway during her recent well-earned holiday on the Continent and will welcome her return to conduct a ladies' orchestra of thirty musicians at the new Corner House.

In yet another field of musical enterprise—and a field in which he is unique—is the conductor L'Onnie, who will have his band on

another floor of the New Corner House. A couple of years ago all London was talking of this musical "wag," who had turned up at the Trocadero Grillroom in charge of the orchestra. His popularity was enormous. Later he went North, and the North, for all its traditional gravity, laughed as heartily as London. For some time he has been enjoying a holiday, which anyone who has seen him conduct a spirited piece of jazz music will believe was needed. He returns to London refreshed—and more exuberant than ever.

L'ONNIE THE MUSICAL WAG.

"L'Onnie" you must forgive. As his self-chosen name implies, he is "not quite himself," poor lad—at least, where music is concerned. So strangely does it move him, stir him, galvanize him, that his poor limbs, body and hair go "gunga" or berserker when he hears it. There is no holding them. Under the emotions that beset him he may do a somersault, or even loop the loop round the grand piano in most hair-raising fashion. Fortunately, these Children



L'ONNIE.

of the Moon are under some special providence that saves them from disaster. L'Onnie survives, and is even quite normal and smiling when the music stops.

Seriously, of course, L'Onnie is a caricaturist. Just as "Pog" draws you a "Quenchie" or a "Bonar Law" that is like nothing on earth, but side-splitting nevertheless, so does L'Onnie caricature the little tricks and foibles of gesture of the ultra-emotional school of musical conductors, and, as a true caricaturist, he, of course, "goes one better," or worse, than his originals.

MUSIC GRAVE OR GAY.

These three orchestras alone, so different in kind, are broadly indicative of the wide range of popular musical appetite for which the New Corner House will cater. They are further indicative of the tolerant musical outlook that directs Lyons' policy. They do not say Brahms is good, therefore everyone must love Brahms, nor that ragtime is bosh, therefore no one must have ragtime, or even that the element of fun and folly and caricature may not, in reason, be introduced into musical fare. Their musical provision embraces the whole range of musical taste, and there is no dictation: you choose where you will.

Real lovers of music will be interested, however, to hear of one new departure in the realm of higher musical taste which is in contemplation. Knowing that there are many patrons of the Corner House who have the highest musical appreciation and interest, it is proposed to hold a series of "composer-nights"—each one dedicated to the work of some well-known composer. Annotated programmes may also be provided which explain in simple language something of the significance and special qualities of the music to be played. "Offenbach night," "Sullivan night," "Gounod night," "Schubert night," and so on and on it will go, probing popular taste further and further, till, as is possible and in fact probable, one may get at the Corner House composer-nights as high a level of musical appreciation and performance as is to be found anywhere.

Commenting on this matter the other day, a well-known musician said there was an educational value in this project which could hardly fail to make its mark on the musical outlook and advancement of popular taste in this country.

THANK YOU!

Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., welcome this opportunity of extending their very sincere thanks to the following firms, whose co-operation has notably contributed to the successful outcome of a great enterprise:—

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With characteristic determination to ensure the comfort of their patrons, Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., have had the very latest system of vacuum cleaning installed in the New Coventry Street Corner House.

A system of hidden suction piping, totalling nearly a mile in length, has been run throughout the building. This is connected up to a big Sturtevant Turbine Exhauster, which draws the dust and small litter from all over the building down into the dust bin in the basement, where it is burnt in a destructor.

This plant has a truly wonderful capacity for devouring dust. A number of men can be working in different parts of the building sucking up the dust at great speed through large cleaning tools connected to the piping system by lengths of flexible hose.

This system not only increases the comfort of the customers, but, by keeping the carpets and decorations free from dust, it greatly adds to the life of these most expensive items in a restaurant—the saving in a building of this size runs into thousands of pounds per annum.

Many thousands of people will frequent this wonderful building every day, wet or fine. Think of the immense amount of dust and dirt that is bound to be carried in on all those pairs of shoes, and you will then realise the cleaning problem with which the Management have to deal. That they have dealt with it so efficiently was only to be expected.

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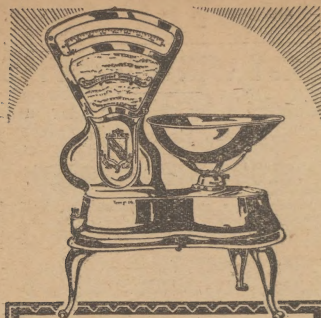
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"QUICK MARCH"—TO THE CORNER HOUSE.

Imagine that soldiers are marching past your window four abreast to the swinging rhythm of "The British Grenadiers" or some such lively tune. You do not count them, but you notice that they take no less than twenty minutes to pass. They are making their way, you are told, to a building which is big enough, not only to hold them all, but to seat them in comfort.

To the Londoner, thoughts of the Opera House and the Albert Hall will fly to mind as the only kind of buildings capable of seating such a crowd; to the Liverpudlian thoughts of St. George's Hall; to the Mancunian thoughts of the Free Trade Hall. But imagine you are then told that it is not to an opera or concert or speech-making that the troops are marching, but to a meal: that they are making their way to a restaurant!

THE WORLD'S "BIGGEST EVER."

What restaurant is capable of feeding such a multitude as this at a sitting? Surely there is no such one! And even though you have travelled enough to call to memory the restaurants of New York and Chicago, the cafés of Paris, Vienna and Bucharest, the beer-halls of Berlin and Breslau, you will come to the same conclusion: there can surely be no such restaurant in the world.

And until Wednesday you will be right. Thereafter you will be wrong; for when the Piccadilly Corner House of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., opens its wonderful new doors it will be fully capable of the huge imaginary task you have imposed upon it. Let us work it out.

The "Field Service Pocket Book" which the War Office commends as guide, philosopher and friend to all young soldiers, asserts that soldiers marching in fours will pass a given point at an average of 230 a minute. In twenty minutes, therefore, 4,600 soldiers would pass your window. And they—and, indeed, 500 more—could pass into the New Corner House, take their places at tables, and be waited upon without any need to queue at the door in the way that the extraordinary popularity of this Corner House often imposed on its patrons in the days before the new extension was complete.

OUR NUMBERED NUMBER SENSE.

To seat and feed 4,500 people at once! The war rather jaded our capacity for astonishment at numbers and sizes. We thought in millions of men, in thousands of millions of money, in hundreds of thousands of millions of munitions, stores and equipment. Our poor old brains at last in self-defence refused to be shocked any more at numbers and quantities which in earlier, more peaceful times would have left them staggered. But even a jaded, war-worn imagination must respond with at least something of a pause to the idea of a restaurant which calmly takes 4,500 people as its complement and light-heartedly visualises the prospect of feeding this number, not once in a while, as a sort of extraordinary task to be prepared for weeks beforehand, nor yet as even a daily task to be performed at some set hour every day, but as a constant task, a task to be done over and over again if need be, throughout the liveliest day and half the night.

20,000 TO 40,000 PEOPLE A DAY.

The New Corner House will certainly have its full 4,500 for an hour or two at noon, for an hour at least again in the afternoon, and for some hours again in the evening. Twenty thousand people a day is thus a modest estimate of a day's work, and who knows but what some days may see double that number, and more, entering its doors for refreshment and pleasure? Neither war nor peace, neither British catering nor that of any other country has prepared one's imagination for the contemplation of feats so herculean in scale as this. It is an achievement worthy of note the wide world over. And perhaps this fact will not escape mention, too—it is a British achievement.

SHOPPING IN FAIRYLAND.

What will be the chief impression carried away by visitors to the new Corner House? Size, grandeur, music—all these will stand out from the mass of more detailed memories; but the beauty of the Salon on the ground floor will probably dominate them all.

Imagine the Salon of the Maison Lyons in Oxford-street suddenly grown to many times its present size; imagine the ceiling, supported by marble pillars, rising in proportion, the counters of carved and polished wood stretching out to divide in far perspective down the long vistas between the pillars. That gives an idea of the new Salon's size.

But it will not be for its size that the Salon will be remembered; rather for the wonderful decoration and lighting that will relieve the grandeur of the architecture of every hint of coldness and make a fairy-land of beauty of the scene as a whole.

PEACH, BRONZE, MAUVE AND JADE.

The colour scheme will be a symphony whose three dominant themes are peach, bronze and mauve. Many new forms of decoration are being used for the first time, including coloured bowls, lighted from within, that support bunches of glowing grapes on twisted columns. These were specially manufactured by Bertram Hickson, Ltd., from a new unbreakable material. The costumes of the attendants at the counters

(Continued at foot of next column).

FRESH AIR BY BROADCAST

If you were to descend into the lowest regions of the New Corner House—there is a basement and a sub-basement and sub-sub-basement—you would find yourself wandering in a labyrinth of vaulted concrete passages. It would be no adventurous business of groping in the dark, for the tunnels are brightly lighted by electric lamps set in the eight-feet-high ceilings, and the scene only needs the addition of a few brightly-coloured posters to make it a faithful reproduction of the underground corridors at a tube railway junction. One encounters the same steady gale of wind in both.

The gale in this case is the key to the labyrinth's purpose. Along these tunnels rushes air drawn from a special apparatus at the side of the building. From the smaller passages, whose openings can be seen on every side, it is broadcast to every room in the Corner House.

THE AIR LAUNDRY.

The air, however, that beats ceaselessly through the passages is no longer air in the crude state as it comes from outside. Much has been done to it before it is considered fit for the ventilation of the Corner House. First it is drawn through a water-spray and thus cooled and every particle of dust and dirt extracted from it. Only after this thorough mixing, cooling and purification, and, if necessary, reheating by electric radiators, is it forced up the corridors and pipes to feed the various rooms. It goes, eventually, through great outlets on the roof.

Electric motors of 150-horse-power supply the force that circulates the air, and so efficiently do they do their work that the whole of the atmosphere in the building is completely changed fifteen times in every hour. As a result of this system the air throughout the building is not only invariably fresh and pure, but is also exactly right in temperature. In a central control room in the basement are gauges that record the temperature in each room and levers which control mechanism that can correct it at a moment's notice.

ART OF THE WINDOW.

When the last touch has been put to the window-dressing of the New Corner House, the department of the Lyons organisation responsible will at length see the results of months of planning and weeks of hard work.

In a building in Clerkenwell two departments have been ceaselessly engaged preparing for the great day—May 30. They are departments of whose existence the general public does not guess; and yet their work is always before the public's eyes. One of them makes the decorations used in the windows of Corner Houses and Teashops; the other makes the dresses of the Lyons waitresses.

If you pause before the window of a Corner House or Maison Lyons—and it is unlikely that you will find yourself alone in doing so—you will see evidence of the Lyons decoration-makers' skill. Bright silks that shade the lamps or form the exquisite dresses of quaintly-modelled figures, hand-painted boxes for chocolates or sweets—almost everything that helps to make the window an artistic triumph emanated from the department of the decoration-makers.

They have taken special pains to make the windows of the New Corner House worthy of the beauty of the building as a whole. Every detail of the window-dressing scheme has been discussed and rediscussed and altered and improved before the work has been allowed to go forward. The dresses of the dolls (if "doll" is the right word for such superbly elegant young creatures) that are to form a feature of the display have had as much thought and skill expended upon them as have ever the clothes of a reigning beauty.

FINE WEATHER—TO ORDER.

The two highest floors of the new Corner House will not be open to the public, but the Salon on the ground floor will owe a great deal of its attraction to the work of these two "service departments" at the top of the building. The top floor of all, nearly 150 feet above Coventry-street, is devoted to the preparation of confectionery, the floor below it to the making of chocolates.

The latter room possess one feature that will arouse the envy of all dwellers in this country—a machine that manufactures fine weather.

If chocolates are to be made to perfection, at atmospheric conditions must be exactly right. Hence the need of a weather machine, which cools or heats the air to the necessary temperature, purifies it, and even regulates the exact amount of moisture it contains. The plant, which is known as a Karrier, is of a type which has already given the most satisfactory service in the huge chocolate department of the Lyons works at Greenford.

(Continued from previous column).

are part of the general colour scheme. Made of pale jade-green crepe de Chine, with orange front and trimming, they will strike a note at once harmonious and distinctive. The aprons over the skirts will be all gold.

The Salon, with its wide spaces, its wonderful displays of tempting chocolates and daintily coloured sweets glowing beneath the shaded lights, its colour and beauty and animation, will be a shop such as London has never seen before.

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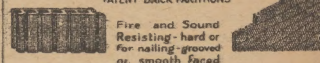
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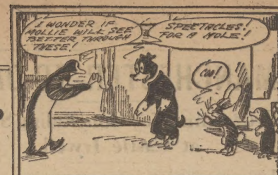
BUT IT DOES NOT SEEM TO BE A "BEST SELLER."

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



A clever boy or girl can—



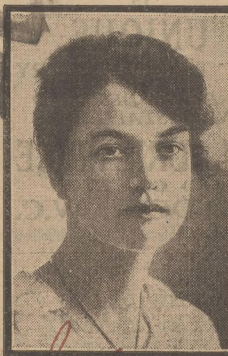
—win £2 10s. See page 14.

PIPER FOR TROOPING THE COLOUR



Pipers of the Scots Guards marching by Buckingham Palace yesterday during a rehearsal for the ceremony of trooping the Colour. This will be in honour of the King's birthday, but as June 3 this year falls on a Sunday it will be held on Saturday, June 2. Many Londoners will thus have an opportunity of witnessing its splendid pageantry.

BRAVERY AT FIRE



Mrs. Naomi Selge, of Edmonton, who rescued two children aged one year and two years from a house on fire while the mother was out shopping. She has been presented with a certificate and a cheque.

DANCE TO THE MUSIC BOX



Miss Renee Bianco and Mr. Solly Ward in an amusing dance which they give in Mr. Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue" at the Palace. This is full of humorous incident.



ACTRESS' ROMANCE.—Miss Vena Galt, the young revue actress, and her fiancé, Mr. Halberlin, a young iron merchant in the City, who is said to have an income of £14,000 a year.



THE KING'S COUNCILLORS.—The Marquis of Salisbury (right) and Mr. Bridgeman, Mr. Bonar Law's Home Secretary, leaving Buckingham Palace yesterday after the Privy Council meeting.



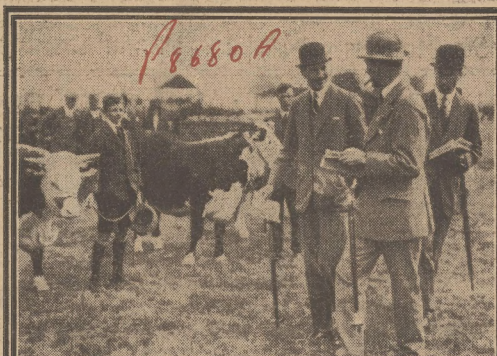
This man of good education, who was found with lost memory at Cheshunt in North Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton. He talks with an American accent.



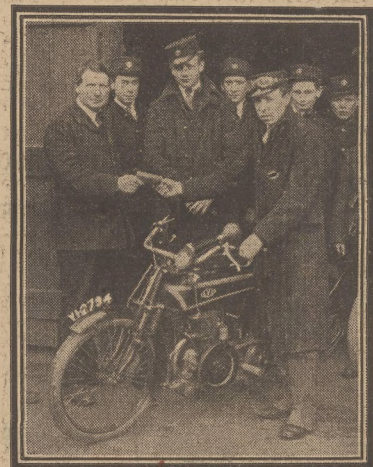
P.C. Varty of Leam, whose bravery Mrs. Hainworth and her two daughters were rescued from their blazing home. The staircase was on fire.



FATAL COLLISION.—The smashed cycle and side-car and the lorry, collision of which at Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, caused fatal injuries to Miss Winifred Clover, of Manchester.



PRINCE HENRY AT A SHOW.—Prince Henry (right, facing camera) pauses before a parade of Hereford cattle during a tour round the Northamptonshire Agricultural Show at Kettering.



TELEGRAM SPEED-UP.—Telegraph boys of the Irish Free State with a motor-cycle such as is supplied for the speeding up of telegrams. This innovation is invaluable in country districts.